

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THE Great Wall of China, of which our engraving the present month furnishes an accurate outline, bounds China on the north, and is probably one of the greatest works ever constructed by man. It was built by the first universal monarch of the Imperial Empire, some two hundred years before Christ, or rather more than two thousand years ago. It passes along the frontiers of three provinces, extending from the Gulf of Pechele, three degrees and a half east of Pekin, to Syning, fifteen degrees west of that capital. The emperors of the dynasty, called Ming, built an additional inner wall, near to Pekin on the west, which may be seen, in part, in the engraving, to the left, inclosing a portion of the province between itself and the old wall. An extensive stockade of wooden piles is visible on the eastern extremity of the great wall, which incloses the country of Mougden; and in some European maps it has been erroneously set down as a continuation of the solid wall. Malte-Brun and Hugh Murray, I think, have fallen into this mistake.

Captain Parish, who was a member of Lord Macartney's embassy, sent out by the British government some years since, had the good fortune to pass into Tartary by one of the most entire portions of the wall, of which he furnishes a very particular description. He says that on the first distant approach the wall resembles a prominent ridge or vein of quartz, standing out from mountains of gneiss or granite. The prolongation of this line over the mountain tops soon arrested the attention, and led to the conclusion that it was in reality a wall, with battlements at intervals, more or less remote. It was carried over the ridges of the highest hills, descended into the deepest valleys, wound through ravines, crossed over rivers upon arches, and in important passes was doubled and supplied with massy towers, or bastions, at distances of one hundred yards. One of the most lofty range of mountains passed over by the wall was over five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The body of the wall consists of an earthen mound, supported on either side by walls of masonry and

brick, and terraced by a platform of square brick. If we include a parapet of five feet, the total height of the wall is twenty-four feet, and its thickness at the base is twenty-five feet, diminishing to the platform above-mentioned, where it is only fifteen feet. The average dimensions of the towers are forty feet square at the base, thirty at the top, and thirty-eight feet in total height. At particular spots the towers reach as high as fifty feet.

The bricks composing the wall are of a bluish color, about fifteen inches long, eight inches wide, and four inches thick. In consequence of the blue color of the bricks, some travelers have been led to conclude that they were never burnt. This position is, however, scarcely tenable. Some ancient kilns were discovered in the year 1816, by the American missionary, Dr. Abel; and actual experiments under his superintendence proved that the brick-clay of the Chinese, being red at first, turns blue when burnt.

The width of the wall, from what has been remarked, will appear to justify some half dozen persons to ride abreast upon it. And such is really the fact in most places. But beyond the Yellow river to its western extremity, the wall is, according to Dr. Abel, chiefly a mound of earth or gravel, about fifteen feet in height, rather narrow at the top, with only here and there a tower of brick. Hence, doubtless, the silence of Marco Polo in regard to the wall, who, with such an imperfect representation of it before him, did not deem it worthy of particular notice.

The Chinese claim for themselves many things of very high antiquity; but it does not appear that they made any pretensions relative to their wall resisting fire-arms, perhaps on the ground that they knew nothing about cannons and gunpowder. It served a useful purpose in preventing the incursions of the Tartars from the north, whose sole implements of warfare were darts and arrows.

We have said that more than two thousand years have passed since the construction of this wall. It stands yet, and may stand for centuries to come. But the tooth of time is busy at work, and the period will arrive, ere long, when, "like crypt and pyramid," it will dissolve to dust, and not a trace be left of its former strength and glory.

## META KLOPSTOCK.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

THERE is a very abominable lie—a lie against society and against God, perpetrated in much of that modern light literature which, under the extravagant forms of the novel, pretends to picture common life. With at least a certain school of this class of writings, it seems a settled and distinctive doctrine, that “the holy estate of matrimony is, and of necessity must be the holy estate of melancholy”—quite a tame if not a worse termination of the young affections and hopes of the heart. It is affected, especially, that men of genius, and women, too, (as, instance Madame de Stael, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Norton, &c.,) find it an intolerable relation, and examples are given from Socrates to Milton, and from Milton to Coleridge.

Men of genius are often the poorest possible specimens of those fine ideals of character which they portray. They are irritable, whimsical, and not unfrequently downrightly lunatic. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a relation involving the most delicate sentiments and obligations, should be marred by their infirmities; their other relations in society about as often share the same fate. Still literary biography abounds in examples of wedded love; even Milton, though driven by his domestic afflictions into sad heresies about marriage, knew how to appreciate its blessedness, and has described it with the best beauty and dignity of his noble verse:

“Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety  
In paradise, of all things common else.  
By thee adulterous love was driven from men  
Among the bestial herds to range; by thee  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.  
Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbecoming holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings;  
Reigns here and revels.”—PARADISE LOST, BOOK IV.

Klopstock had, as we have seen, all the ardor and romance of youthful affection, and few writers have had more of the fine sensitiveness of genius than he; yet his married life was a picture of the purest felicity. There are not extant facts enough, relating to this part of his history, to allow us to construct it into a detailed narrative, but we have many incidental and delightful glimpses at it.

In her charming letters to Richardson, “Meta” shows an almost idolatrous love of her husband, accompanied with the highest reverence for his character. She speaks warmly of her friends, but “in them all finds much to pardon, except in the single

Klopstock alone. He,” she adds, “is good, really good—in all his actions, all the foldings of his heart. I know him, and sometimes think that, if we knew others in the same way, the better we should find them.” Four years after her marriage, she exclaims, “How rich am I!” “I am the happiest wife in the world.” “I still dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom.” “No one of my friends is as happy as I am; but no one had courage to marry as I did.” In another of these letters she affords us a glance at their domestic life: “It will be a delightful occupation for me,” she says, “to make you more acquainted with my husband’s poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not published. I am always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may suppose that persons who love as we do have no need of two apartments; we are always in the same; I with my little work, still, still, only regarding my husband’s sweet face,” which she describes as expressive, at such times, “of all the sublimity of the subject,” and often wet with tears prompted by his inspired emotions. These young verses, she states, are read by the poet to her, “he suffering my criticisms.”

The reader will infer justly from this deference of the great poet to the criticisms of his young wife, that he found in her not only an ardent heart, but also superior mind. Her letters indicate that she was familiar with at least four modern tongues. Her enthusiasm for the “Messiah,” which led to her introduction to and love of Klopstock, is proof of her intelligence and taste. Her published writings, which are, besides her correspondence, a Dialogue with Klopstock on Fame, and “Letters from the Dead,” are replete with the noblest sentiments, and marked by a discrimination and justness of thought that we should hardly have expected in one whose letters show such ardor of feeling. “I earnestly wish,” says Klopstock after her death, “that I could recollect some of her serious conversations with me, so as to write them down; for what a heart had she, and what a quick, and, at the same time, accurate understanding!” She elsewhere says of her criticisms on the “Messiah,” “As he knows that I delight to hear whatever he composes, he always reads it to me immediately, though it be often only a few verses. He is so far from opinionated that on this first reading I am to make my criticisms, just as they come into my head.” The poet, in quoting these remarks, adds, “How much do I lose in her, even in this respect! How perfect was her taste—how exquisitely fine her feelings! She observed every thing, even to the slightest turn of the thought. I had only to look at her, and could see in her face when even a syllable pleased or displeased her; and



when I led her to explain the reason of her remarks, no demonstration could be more true, more accurate, or more appropriate to the subject. But in general this gave us very little trouble; for we understood each other when we had scarcely begun to explain our ideas."

During the four years of their married life they had not been separated except for two months, which were near the close of her life. Her letters to Klopstock, during this period of absence, breathe all the ardor of first love. They were written under circumstances of much indisposition and anxiety; she alludes to these circumstances with delicate but confiding naivete in a letter to Richardson about this time: "Have you not guessed," she asks him, "that I, in summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, sir, this has been my only wish not gratified for these four years; I have been more than once unhappy with disappointments; but yet, thanks, thanks to God, I am in full hope to be a mother in November. The little preparations—and they are so dear to me!—have taken so much time, that I could not answer your letter, nor give you the promised scenes of the 'Messiah.' This is also the reason why I am still here, [Hamburg;] for properly we dwell at Copenhagen. Our stay here is only a visit, but a long one, which we pay my family. I not being able to travel yet, my husband has been obliged to make a little voyage to Copenhagen. He is yet absent—a cloud over my happiness. He will soon return, but what does that help? He is yet equally absent. We write each other every post; but what are letters to presence? But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness. But I cannot tell you how I rejoice. A son of my dear Klopstock, O, when shall I have him? When I have my husband and my child, I will write you more, if God gives me health and life. You will think that I shall not be a mother only, but a nurse also; though the latter (thank God that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good-breeding, and though nobody can think it possible to be always with the child at home."

Familiar letters, like familiar conversations, are among the best, because the least disguised, exponents of real character. Klopstock himself published the letters written him by his wife during this period of absence and maternal expectancy; though these letters contain but few allusions to her daily life, they exhibit so much of her heart, that we must give fragments of them at least. In the first after his departure, dated August 2, 1758, she writes, "Did you go three times the distance to the post, only to see me for *one minute* more? Do not imagine I think this a small matter. It confirms me in my old suspicion that you *love* me a little. If you could see me to-day, I know you would love me dearly. No one could know, by my appearance, that you had left me. I cannot, indeed, banish the

thought of you, nor do I wish to; but I can view it in such a light that it does not disturb me. Our God is with you, and will restore you." August 3: "They waked me this morning to give me your letter, and I got the head-ache; but that pain was pleasure. Yesterday evening I had some obscure notion of a letter, but could not imagine how it should come. I never thought of Schonburg; but you thought of it! You could not help writing; yes, that is natural, for you love." August 10: "Where are you now? Still in the ship, I fear. Last night it was very, *very* dark. I could not help being anxious about you; but it was not such anxiety as would have been ingratitude for my great happiness; it was tenderness which I can never cease to feel. God be with you, and grant that I may hear from you on Tuesday; but even if I should not, I shall not be so uneasy as to hurt my health. I was ready by eight o'clock. O, if you had come home! How I wished for you! It is hard, very hard, after having lived with you, to live without you." August 15: "God be praised! I have your letter. O, what joy! What shall I feel when I have you again! I know not what I write. I received your letter at table. I could eat no more. The tears started from my eyes, and I went into my own room. I could only thank God with my tears; but he understands our tears." Klopstock replies: "My Meta, I know how you think of me. I know it by my own feelings. It often comes so strongly into my mind that you are with me, that I am ready to press you to my heart. My only love, what will be the joy of our meeting!" August 24, she writes: "I am getting through all my letters, all my visits, all my employments, agreeable or disagreeable, that when you come I may live for you alone. Yet I will really, in earnest, gladly do without you till moonlight comes, though I tremble in every nerve when I think of seeing you again." Klopstock answers, September 2: "My beloved Meta, how sweet it is to receive such letters from you! My confidence that God will spare you to me yet remains, though I cannot say that now and then a cloud does not come over it. There are lighter and heavier hours of trial. These are some of the heaviest. Let us take care, my dear Meta, that we resign ourselves *wholly* to our God. This solemn thought often occupies me. What think you of writing on it to each other, to strengthen us? O, how my heart hangs on thine!" Meta replies, September 7, in ominous words: "I shall indeed be in continual misery if September passes without your return. I shall expect to be confined and to die without you. This would destroy all the peace of which I wish to tell you; for, God be praised! I am strong enough to speak of my death. I have omitted it hitherto only on your account, and I am happy that I need no longer refrain from it. Yet, let me be as uneasy as I may, do nothing that will hurt your health. I

ought not to have told you of my fears, but I find it as impossible in a letter, as when I am with you, to conceal any thing which presses on my heart. I have left no room to tell you of my peace and my courage, but I will do it another time." Klopstock answers her in a letter full of the sublimest religious sentiments: "When God gives me grace," he says, "to pursue these ideas, then, my Meta, I am not far from thee. He surrounds both thee and me. His hand is over us. God is where you are; God is where I am. He has numbered the hairs of our head. My soul is now in a state of sweet composure, though mixed with some degree of sadness. O, my wife, whom God has given me, be not careful, be not careful of the morrow!" A sweet though sad reply she sends him: "You must not think that I mean any thing more than that I am as willing to die as to live, and that I prepare myself for both—I am perfectly resigned to either; God's will be done. I often wonder at the indifference I feel on the subject when I am so happy in this world. O, what is our religion! What must that eternal state be of which we know so little, while our souls feel so much! More than a life with Klopstock! It does not appear to me so hard to leave you and our child, and I only fear that I may lose this peace of mind again, though it has already lasted eight months. I well know that all hours are not alike, and particularly *the last*, since death in my situation must be far from an easy one; but let the last hour make no impression on you. You know too well how much the body then presses down the soul. Let God give what he will, I shall still be happy. A longer life with you or eternal life with him! O, think where I am going; and, as far as sinners can judge of each other, you may be certain that I go there, (the humble hopes of a Christian cannot deceive;) and there you will follow me—there we shall be for ever united by love. It is with the sweetest composure that I speak of this. How I thank you for that kind permission! I have done. I can write of nothing else. I am perhaps too serious; but it is a seriousness mixed with tears of joy." Strange premonitions these of what soon followed! And yet, though painful, how admirable in their womanly feeling and moral heroism! But let us see more of this pure and ardent spirit as the catastrophe comes on. Three days after she writes, "I hope, yet tremble for your letter to-day. O, take not away my hope! Set off to-morrow. We have had since yesterday the finest weather and the best northwest wind. You will come exactly with the full moon. O, set off! Do not rob me of my hope. Make me not unhappy. Let this be the last letter. O, come!" In three days more she writes, "I know not how I shall feel when I see you again. When I think of it I am agitated as when I think of hearing the first voice of my child. Yesterday I went an airing for four hours. I could go no other way than the road to

Lubeck, though I well knew you could not come so soon. It was not possible for me to drive any other way. Adieu till to-morrow. O, may the letter to-morrow tell me that you have set off—that I have written this letter in vain! O, my only beloved, come, come, come!" On the 19th September Klopstock writes that he is about ready to return: "My soul longs to see you again; but I must not write of this at present; it affects me too much; and I wish to repress this emotion, because I wish to wait with composure and submission for the day of joy. Do the same, my Meta. My hope that God would spare you was yesterday very strong. But I scarcely dare indulge this thought; it affects me too powerfully. Our God will order all things according to his wisdom and love. O, what true and peaceful happiness lies in that thought, when we give ourselves entirely to it. I press you to my heart, my Meta." Copenhagen, September 23: "At length, my Meta, I am in town, to go on board. I expect every moment to be called. Our God will conduct me. O, how I love you, and how I rejoice at the thought of our meeting!" Lubeck, September 26: "I shall soon be in your arms, my only love. God be praised for my prosperous voyage! How I rejoice that I shall see you at last! My Meta, how shall we thank God for having preserved thee to me and me to thee!"

Meta wrote him, on the same day, one more note, welcoming him. In about two months after its date she was in heaven. The presentiments so sadly but heroically expressed in these letters were realized. She died at the birth of her only child, on the 28th of November, 1758. Amidst the peculiar sufferings of her last hours her beautiful character revealed itself in still saintlier loveliness, if that, indeed, were possible. We know few scenes in the records of death more heroic and more affecting. Bow thy spirit with reverence, Christian reader, as passes before thee the scene in which this angel of earth is transfigured, through an ordeal of agony and dissolution, into an angel of heaven.

"Her sufferings," says Klopstock in a letter to Cramer, "continued from Friday till Tuesday afternoon, about four o'clock; but they were the most violent from Monday evening about eight. On Sunday morning I supported first myself and then her, by repeating that, without our Father's will, not a hair of the head could fall; and more than once I repeated to her the following lines from my ode. One time I was so much affected as to be forced to stop at every line:

'Though unseen by human eye,  
My Redeemer's hand is nigh;  
He has poured salvation's light  
Far within the vale of night;  
There will God my steps control,  
There his presence bless my soul;  
Lord, whate'er my sorrows be,  
Teach me to look up to thee.'



Some affecting circumstances I must omit; I will tell you them some other time. When she had already suffered greatly, I said to her with much emotion, 'The most Merciful is with thee.' I saw how she felt it. Perhaps she now first guessed that I thought she would die. I saw this in her countenance. I afterward often told her (as often as I could go into the room and support the sight of her sufferings) how visibly the grace of God was with her. I came in just as she had been bled. A light having been brought near on that account, I saw her face clearly for the first time after many hours. Ah, my Cramer, the hue of death was upon it! But God, who was so mightily with her, supported me too at the sight. She was better after the bleeding, but was soon worse again. I was allowed but very little time to take leave of her. I had some hopes that I might return to take leave of her. I shall never cease to thank God for the grace he gave me at this parting. I said, 'I will fulfill my promise, my Meta, and tell you that your life, from extreme weakness, is in danger.' She heard perfectly, and spoke without the smallest difficulty. I pronounced over her the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: 'Now the will of Him who inexpressibly supports thee—his will be done!' 'Let him do according to his will,' said she; 'he will do well.' She said this in a most expressive tone of joy and confidence. 'You have endured like an angel. God has been with you. He will be with you. His mighty name be praised! The most Merciful will support you. Were I so wretched as not to be a Christian, I should now become one.' Something of this sort, and yet more, I said to her, in a strong emotion of transport. 'Be my guardian angel if God permit.' 'You have been mine,' she said. 'Be my guardian angel,' repeated I, 'if God permit.' 'Who would not be so?' said she. I would have hastened away. Eliza [Klopstock's sister] said, 'Give her your hand once more.' I did so, and know not whether I said any thing. I hastened away, and then went into my own room and prayed. At parting she said to me very sweetly, 'Thou wilt follow me.' May my end be like thine! O, might I now for one moment weep on her bosom! for I cannot refrain from tears, nor does God require it of me."

Eliza Schmidt, (Klopstock's sister,) who loved her tenderly, was with her during the last hours, and describes them in a letter to Giesecke as follows: "She endured her sufferings with fortitude and resignation seldom equaled. Klopstock, who determined not to leave her, could not support it. He went out and came in again all night long. About ten in the morning, from extreme fatigue, no doubt, she had some faintings; but they lasted only a short time, and then she came to herself again. She was always patient. She smiled on Klopstock, kissed his hand, and spoke quite cheerfully. Now the trying scene began. Klopstock went in and informed his

wife that her life was in danger. She answered, with perfect composure, 'What our God wills is right.' They took leave of each other, but that I will not describe. When he was gone, I went to the bed and said, 'I will stay with you.' 'God bless you for it, my Eliza!' said she, and she looked at me with the calm, serene smile of an angel. She then said to me, 'Is my death then so near?' 'I cannot pronounce that,' I answered. 'Yes, my husband has told me all that may happen. I know all.' 'I know, too, that you are prepared for all. You will die tranquil and happy.' 'O, God must then forgive me much; but I think of my Redeemer, in whom I trust.' At one time she said, 'I do not feel much, Eliza; very little.' 'O, that is well! God will soon help you.' 'Yes, into heaven,' said she. Now she was still, but appeared to feel pain. Soon after she laid her head back, and said, '*It is over!*' and at the same moment her face became so composed, that the change was observable to every one. A moment before it expressed nothing but pain, now nothing but peace. I began to pray in short exclamations, such as she had taught me; and thus, after a few minutes, she died, so softly, so still, so calm. On Monday, she was buried with her son in her arms."

The same lady wrote Klopstock's mother, "The night before her death I was alone with her. She suffered much, but with great composure. She talked a good deal with me. O, happy hours which God gave me with her, even then though deeply tinged with sorrow! Amongst other things she said, 'O, Eliza, how should I now feel, if I had not employed the whole nine months in preparing for my death! Now my pains will not suffer me to pray so continually, to think so worthily of God, as I am at other times accustomed, and would now most wish to do.'" Klopstock says to Giesecke that he hastened away to Altona "the evening after my Meta's death, after seeing my dead son, but not my wife. I dreaded too much the return of that image. Twice or thrice my Meta looked at me without saying a word, and then to heaven in such a manner that it is utterly impossible for me to describe it. I understood her *perfectly*. I cannot tell you with what a mixture of sorrow, of confidence in God, and of certainty that she was dying, she looked from me to heaven. Never, never—though often in sorrow and in joy have I looked up with her to heaven—never did I see her *so*. The situation of a dying person is so *singular*, it seems to belong neither to this world nor the next."

A rare, a transcendently beautiful character must this young German lady have possessed, if we may judge from the intimations scattered through the correspondence of Klopstock and his friends. Several of the latter, who were among the most eminent German literati of that age, deplored her death as they would that of an endeared sister or daughter.

Frinke called her "our angel," and declared she possessed every perfection of the female heart. Johanna V. Rahn, Klopstock's sister, says, "I loved her more than if she had been my own sister." Giesecke wept over her as a "departed saint." "What a friend have I myself lost in her," he exclaims to Klopstock; "Our blessed sister," says Rahn; "Our sainted friend!" exclaims Cramer; "How much satisfaction does it afford me," writes one of her friends, "that I have enjoyed an acquaintance with this heroic woman!" "She was entirely formed for my son," says the poet's mother; "She was ripe for her birth into the life of an angel," writes the linguist Frinke; "for how happy was she during the latter years of her life, and almost to the hour of her translation! I am certain that your connection is one of those few whose duration will be eternal." "That angel," he again exclaims, "how many virtuous friends she had!" "O, she was all the happiness of my life!" writes the bereaved poet; "what have I not lost in losing her!"

We attempt no explanation of the singular presentiment of her fate which she entertained. In her "Letters from the Dead," written during her husband's absence, but which he accidentally discovered, is one addressed to her child, on the presumption that she would die at its birth. Klopstock mourned her during thirty-three years of widowed life. "To the last," says one of his biographers, "he loved to speak of his Meta, and pleased himself by planting white lilies on her grave. His mind was fascinated by the memory of this beloved woman as with an entrancing vision; and now that the grave had withdrawn her endeared presence, he relieved the painful absence by writing a series of most touching letters to her departed spirit. They have been published. In one of them he exclaims, "Ah, Meta! dost thou not still love me? love me so that thy soul, though in heaven, longs for me? How sweet, how inexpressibly sweet the thought! Yes, thou art for ever mine—thou wert made for me, my now quite heavenly love! O that it would come, the moment of our meeting; that moment full of joy beyond expression! O that it would come!" Again he writes, "The idea of thee, when thou wert near death, often appears to me much more affecting than it was at the moment I saw thee; at that moment of thy great strengthening. I have need of all that is sweet and enchanting in the thought of the resurrection and of the almighty Awakener, to free myself from this image. Let him who knows not yet the bliss of the resurrection, who has not tested its comforts, let him see a friend or wife die, and he will learn it."

Klopstock continued his residence at Copenhagen, with the patronage of the court, till 1771, when he returned to Hamburg. His royal pension was, however, continued. The Margrave of Baden invited him to Carlsruhe, and made him counselor in 1775. In about a year he returned to Hamburg, where he

finished his Messiah, and continued the remainder of his life. When near seventy years of age he married a near relative of his first wife as a companion of his infirm age. "He preserved," says one of his biographers, "his gentle animation, his fervent piety, and admirable serenity, till the close of life. He spoke of death with not only composure, but joyful hope. When he apprehended its near approach he sent affectionate messages to his friends, but secluded himself from them all, even the nearest of them, that he might give himself wholly to the solemnity of the last scene. In this seclusion he continued several weeks, and at last expired in the eightieth year of his life. During a severe conflict of pain, he raised himself in his bed, clasped his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, with his failing voice, "Can a woman forget her child, that she should not have pity on the fruit of her womb? Yes, she may forget; but I will not forget thee." He fell back again on his pillow. The struggle was over. A lethargy spread through his frame, and he was no more. A funeral pageant, "such as Germany had never witnessed for any men of letters before," attended his remains to the grave, where his dust now mingles with that of her whom he loved and mourned through his life.

## THE SUNSHINE OF THE MIND.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

WHEN o'er the sky the sombre cloud  
Is drawn, we yet can find,  
No outward shade has power to shroud  
The sunshine of the mind.

When, by rude acts, or harsh words spoken,  
Or by a look unkind,  
The silken cord of love is broken,  
If innocent, we feel the token,  
The sunshine of the mind.

Want in its ceaseless journey found us,  
And all its powers combined;  
We were not harmed—the chain that bound us  
Was gilded by the light around us,  
The sunshine of the mind.

Health fled, society fled, too,  
The gifted and refined;  
We turned to God, who only knew  
The hidden heart; from him we drew  
The sunshine of the mind.

O, who can bind the spirit's thought?  
It roveeth unconfined;  
It can the darkest hour illumine;  
It throws across the deepest gloom  
The sunshine of the mind.



## THE DEPARTED.

MISS ELIZABETH H. HAYDEN, the subject of the following lines, died in the beautiful town which gave her birth on the 16th of March, 1848, aged nineteen years. Lovely in person, sweet in disposition, rich in intellect, inclined to study and meditation, her character, naturally so attractive, received a fresh lustre from the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. Thus rarely gifted, her friends promised themselves for her a long life of usefulness; but consumption set its seal upon her, and those who loved her were fated to see her fade away before their anxious and sorrowing eyes. She died whispering words of consolation to her parents, and to him to whom she had plighted the affections of her young and happy heart. The earth in its beauty speaks to us mournfully of the departed, but the sky above speaks of her yet more impressively. It tells the bereaved of the home in which she is now an inmate, and bids them prepare to follow the beloved one to the land of peace. "Pleasant is thy rest, O lovely beam! Soon hast thou set upon our hills. The steps of thy departure were gentle as the moon on the blue trembling wave."

How beautiful thou wast,  
With thy sweet smile, thy pure and tranquil brow,  
So full of thought;  
Thy lustrous eye, that spake of holy things,  
From heaven brought!  
How beautiful thou wast,  
When sitting near those flowers of richest dye,  
Thou turnedst away,  
And gazing on the blue and tranquil sky,  
Didst gently say,  
"Yes, earth is beautiful, but heaven more fair,"  
Then folded up thy wings, and gently floated there!

How beautiful thou wast,  
In the soul-harrowing hour  
When the film'd eye and marble cheek  
Told of death's awful power!  
Angelic ones were there with outspread wings,  
And Jesus at their head,  
To bear thee to thy Father's fond embrace,  
And give to thee thy heaven-appointed place.  
The sunshine of their looks was o'er thee shed,  
And threw a halo round thy dying bed.

How beautiful thou wast!  
A broken lily in thy coffin laid,  
When weeping friends bestow'd a last farewell,  
And sadly laid thee in the grave to dwell,  
Till thy dear dust is stirr'd  
When the last trump is heard!  
How beautiful thou art,  
Now that with spirit free,  
In immortality,  
Thou sing'st at God's right hand,  
With all the seraph band,  
The new and glorious song,  
That doth to the redeemed soul belong.  
How much hast thou escap'd  
Of grief and woe!  
Earth's cup of bliss  
For thee did overflow,

Till, like the last gleam of day,  
Thy spirit fled away  
To the fair realm where flowers perennial blow.  
Therefore, weep not,  
O, loving parents! for your daughter flown;  
Safe doth she rest  
On her dear Savior's breast.  
And thou to him hast given thy cherish'd one,  
O, thou to her so dear!  
A better love is hers than even thine,  
A better love, yet even mid angel bowers,  
Where glorious scenes around her shine,  
She looketh down upon this world of ours,  
For it is *thine*.  
And now she glides around thy path to soothe thy  
lonely hours.  
Thou wast her guardian here;  
For she was weak and frail;  
But now she watches *thee* with love that will not fail.  
Joy, then, to her, the bright and ransom'd one,  
The imprison'd bird set free,  
The flower that's opening 'neath a genial sky,  
The bright star set on earth to rise on high!

## HEAVEN.

BY CHARLES THOMPSON.

THERE is a land far out of sight,  
Beyond these earthly climes,  
Where darkness ne'er excludes the light,  
But day perpetual shines—  
Where glories burst upon the soul,  
And joys in endless prospect roll.  
No poisonous trees, no grief, nor fear,  
No hate, nor war, nor strife,  
But fruits of Paradise grow there,  
On trees of endless life.  
In that delightful land above,  
The trees of life bear fruits of love.  
No chilling winds, nor driving storms,  
That blight our prospects here,  
Nor sin in all its varied forms,  
Shall find admittance there;  
But holy and enraptured joy  
Shall fill the soul without alloy.  
Perennial spring, eternal morn,  
Where flowers ne'er fade away,  
There roses grow without a thorn;  
There's health without decay;  
Immortal youth, eternal prime,  
Unscathed by age, improved by time.  
Sweet music charms the list'ning ear,  
And fills the enraptured soul;  
Life's waters, flowing bright and clear,  
In gentle currents roll.  
There, when life's pilgrimage is o'er,  
We'll taste and drink to thirst no more.

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

THE history of angels is closely interwoven with that of man. Their ministrations run like a thread of silver through the whole web of human destiny; and look where we will, we shall find traces of their presence and care. How long they existed before man was created we know not. They may have been engaged, for what, to finite minds, would seem an eternity, in the praise of Jehovah; but, be this as it may, we are assured that, as soon as man was created, they became interested in his fortunes; and the interest which then began has never been diminished; on the contrary, as the affairs of men became more complicated, we have every reason to believe that their solicitude would increase; and doubtless will do so until the history of humanity is entirely completed.

Seeing, then, that we are and ever have been under celestial guardianship, it will not, perhaps, prove uninteresting to trace out some occasions on which their solicitude has been manifested.

And first let us turn our eyes to the glad morn when the work of creation was perfected, and the universe, in all its fair and vast proportions, stood forth complete in the eyes of its great Original. The angels doubtless beheld the progress of the mighty work, and looked with wonder as the marvels of creation burst upon their view; but it was not till man, the last crowning act of this noble work, was made, that they perceived its design. They saw in him a being little lower than themselves, the very centre of all the works of God; and at this discovery they joined their glad voices with the morning stars, and shouted aloud for joy. From that moment man became the object of their kind regard, and providence and the Bible is but the history of its continuance.

Doubtless they often looked with delight at the sinless lives of our first parents while dwellers in Eden. They trembled when the first act of rebellion was consummated, and pitied when, as exiles, they left the bowers of Paradise behind.

Man increased in wickedness; yet they followed him still. They beheld a remnant saved from the fury of the deluge storm, riding on the waves of a shoreless sea; and even when the family of the saved became faithless, they forsook not the world in despair; but with their glory concealed in the form of men, they sought the friend of God, who dwelt under the oak in the plains of Mamre. Though unseen, they journeyed with Jacob on his way to Padan-Aram. They encamped around the wayfarer as he slept, and soothed him with sweet visions as he lay on his pillow of stone. Indeed, there is scarcely any event of importance in man's whole history, in which they do not play a prominent

part. When God brought Israel from the land of bondage, and gave them a covenant at the base of Sinai, angels were there to witness the solemn transaction; and through shining ranks of these glorious ones the law came down to men. The ancient prophets were often the objects of their visits. By the stream of Ulai, and on the banks of Euphrates, they came with heavenly messages to these inspired ones; and even Gabriel, one of their highest names, has been employed in this work of love. Strange that man should be the object of such care; and yet, from the character of the messengers, we should learn not to judge lightly of his rank who has been the subject of those missions from the sky, but rather find, in that very circumstance, a proof of his dignity.

But it is not till we come to the New Testament history, that we begin to witness their noblest ministrations. Messages of solemn import had often been intrusted to their hands; but never did prophet or sacred seer, listen to a message so fraught with love to man, as that which fell on the ears of the last daughter of David's line, when an angel said, "Hail, Mary, blessed art thou among women."

Angels were hovering over the plains of Bethlehem when the Savior of men was born. Their tongues made known to the shepherds the joyful tidings. Their voices chanted his natal song, and proclaimed the blessings he came to bestow.

They saw in the Savior the Redeemer of our race, and they were ever nigh him during all his eventful career below. When he foiled man's great adversary in the mount of temptation, they were present with their kind offices. When, in fearful agony, he knelt and prayed in Gethsemane's garden, an angel strengthened him. They were near the sepulchre when he slept in death; and it was one of the shining ones that brought the word of release, and rolled away the stone from the entrance of the tomb. They brought to the sorrowing disciples the joyful news that the Master had arisen; and when his followers caught their last look of their ascending Lord, he was surrounded by a cloud of these bright attendants. They favored his upward ascent, bade the gates of glory open to receive the Conqueror, and at the Father's command bowed to him in grateful homage.

They still look down with love on the erring ones, whom the blessed Redeemer came to save; and when the tear of contrition flows from the sinner's eyes, there is glad rejoicing among the angel hosts for the wanderer's return. They care for the saints of the Most High. The prison of Peter was opened by an angel's hand. A heavenly messenger spoke words of cheer to Paul when in imminent peril, and often, during his eventful life, he doubtless experienced the truth of the declaration, "They are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation."

These heavenly visitors are with us still; our daily



paths are watched, and our nightly pillows guarded by them. Wherever we rest or rove, we are the objects of angelic care; and though we see them not, and the ear catches not the sound of their rustling wings, yet they are ever nigh, and eternity will doubtless disclose many of their acts of love. Strange thought, that we are looked upon by these bright intelligences, guarded by their strong hands, and watched by their sleepless eyes. It is a proof of our Father's love, and should call forth the grateful emotions of our souls, for this exhibition of his tender regard.

Angels were present at creation's dawn. They will exercise their ministry through all time, and be present at its close; for saith the holy record, the harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels. By their hands the saints shall be bound in the bundle of life. They shall be gathered into the garner of God, while angel voices shall sing their joyous harvest home.

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY FLORIO.

Of the early life of Goldsmith the reader is probably well informed. His biographer tells us that he was born on the twenty-ninth of November, 1729, at the village of Pallas, county of Longford, Ireland. His father was a clergyman, and having but little of this world's wealth, he intended to put his son to some mercantile employment. Oliver, it seems, from some incidental remarks made by Dr. Taylor on his life and character, was naturally shrewd and observant, and had a turn for the humorous, which made him conspicuous among the young villagers of Pallas. He was not, however, of that class of youths, whose impudence and egotism outstrip filial affection, but belonged to those whose affection was evinced alike by words and actions. The reader who is at all familiar with the *Deserted Village*, will bear witness to the correctness of this remark. Among other traits of his father, whom he portrays as the village pastor, we have the following:

"His house was known to all the vagrant train;  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;  
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged chest."

The vagrant beggars alluded to in these lines were a strange race of beings. They went from house to house, and village to village, telling stories and retailing anecdotes to the almost infinite amusement of any who would be their auditors. Oliver was a lad fond of drollery and fun, as above remarked, and of course made it his business to go wherever these wanderers had any thing to say. He did not neglect, it is true, to attend school and other duties; yet he was very careful to embrace the first opportunity

to see the pranks performed. Hence, doubtless, the formation of a taste for the humorous and sentimental which pervade his entire works. His schoolmaster, too, was not much better than one of these gipsies. He had been an old sailor and soldier, and had accumulated a vast fund of tales of adventure in foreign lands, which he disposed of to his pupils without discount, and with the utmost good feeling.

These tales of the old schoolmaster had a deep impression on the mind of young Goldsmith, and it can scarcely be doubted that they imparted to all his after life a wandering and unsettled disposition. While his father was unable, though not unwilling, to educate him, his friends readily discovered that Oliver was never intended for a business character. They accordingly resolved to raise a subscription to defray his expenses at the University of Dublin. He entered the University, and, for a time, applied himself closely. Afterward, however, he began to relax his energies, and paid but slight attention to his studies. He became idle, negligent, and improvident of his time and means. Hence, his tutor, who was a rigid disciplinarian, commenced giving him a few extra lessons on order and diligent application, which, being resented or rather contemned by his pupil, were the occasion of serious difficulty to Goldsmith. He received, at first, a public reprimand in words, then a second by way of being cuffed on the head in the presence of a number of his associates.

This treatment at the hand of his tutor had a fatal effect on the college career of Goldsmith. He immediately sold his books, left the University, and determined to spend his days with the highway strollers of his country. But, unfortunately for him, his success was not commensurate with his expectations. Instead of receiving the hospitality of the Irish peasantry, he received their almost universal disdain and indifference. He speaks himself of begging a few dozen green peas from a girl at a wake, and thought them a most luxurious meal. After having wandered about in this manner for some months, his brother Henry, who was a minister, became advised of his situation, and made strenuous efforts to have him reinstated in the favor and confidence of Rev. Mr. Wilder, his tutor. In this his brother was successful, and Oliver ultimately graduated at the University, though with what honor we are not definitely informed.

Immediately subsequent to his graduation, he was urged to accept a situation in the Church, which he peremptorily declined, and became a tutor in a private family. This situation he soon grew weary of, and gave up. Once more he gave way to his vagrant habits, and commenced wandering through the towns and over the hills and bogs of his native Innisfail.

After a variety of fluctuations and eccentricities, he took voyage in a ship for Leyden. By some strange circumstance he was saved from a premature

death; for the vessel in which he sailed was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and all on board perished. At Leyden he behaved himself no better than in Ireland. He was as indolent as ever, and soon wasted the little money that he had in gambling. Nevertheless, he was not discouraged, but, in his own language, "With a firm reliance on Providence, and with but one shirt in my pocket, I commenced the tour of Europe. My learning procured me a favorable reception at most of the religious houses I visited, and whenever I approached a peasant's house, I took out my flute and played one of my merriest tunes, and that generally procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich, who generally despised both me and my music."

After having wandered about for a number of years, he returned to England, which was now to be the scene of his varied struggles, his poverty, and his fame. His circumstances were most desperate. He was penniless and unknown. The conflict before him was a conflict for life itself. He was compelled to communicate to his friends in Ireland information relative to his forlorn and wretched state; but they heeded not his wants, nor thought that the thriftless vagabond had any claims on their mercy or charity. In this situation he first attempted the stage in a country town, but signally failed. He next sought employment as a schoolmaster, but with no better success. At length, however, he obtained a situation in a laboratory in London. This situation he held only for a short time, because he was induced by Dr. Griffith, the originator of the *Monthly Review*, to become a contributor to that periodical.

Now commenced the work of literary drudgery with Goldsmith. He wrote incessantly—histories, tales, plays, essays, poems, and every thing that was requested at his hand. His first poem, the *Traveler*, did not appear under his name, until he had served seven years' apprenticeship as an anonymous writer to periodical publications. For this work he received the enormous sum of *twenty guineas*! for his *Vicar of Wakefield* sixty, and for his *Deserted Village*, one of the very finest poems in the English language, one hundred guineas, or about five hundred dollars.

Literature being now his chief object, he applied himself with singular diligence in writing works on history, biography, and natural science. His last publication, entitled a *History of the Earth and animated Nature*, was greatly admired and lauded by Dr. Johnson. Still there is very little accuracy in it, and we must do the Doctor the justice to say, that he lauded it more for its excellent reflections and illustrations than for its adherence to philosophical principles. He had formed another project, that of writing a *Universal Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences*. But the period for the cessation of his

labors was at hand. He died in the midst of his toils; and, scarcely ere his friends were aware that disease was preying upon him, he was carried to that spot where neither life nor the cares of life disquiet the heart of man.

To speak of the literary character of Goldsmith would be a thankless and supererogatory task. He stands, by universal consent, among the first of poetic authors.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain!"

The poem which is introduced by this line will live and be admired while there are any to read and admire the English language. His fictions, too, are above criticism, so far as style and ingenuity of construction are concerned. Walter Scott and Lord Byron speak in unbounded terms of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, as also do all modern critics and reviewers. I do not, of course, intend, by this, to say that Messrs. Scott and Byron are just standards in matters of morality, nor do I approve the reading of fictitious works; for, conscientiously, I believe them detrimental to correct morals and sound mental discipline; yet were I disposed to recommend any works of the kind, I should unhesitatingly select Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* as the first. His miscellaneous works exhibit profound research, a just appreciation of human character, and a lively perception of the appropriate and beautiful in nature.

I regret that thus much cannot be said in behalf of his moral character. To disguise or to attempt to disguise the failings of Goldsmith, would be alike ridiculous and unsuccessful. He was of a peculiarly irritable temper. In his writings, as he appears to his readers, he is perfectly the antipode of himself. The milk of human kindness flows on every page, and in almost every line. No one would ever imagine that he was otherwise than in complete good humor with himself and all the world. Yet we have it upon authority, which admits of no question, that he possessed a spirit the most jealous and irascible. Any little circumstance would destroy his balance of mind, and make him seem more like a fury than a sensible and rational being.

Beside serious moral obliquities, Goldsmith had numerous minor defects, which have been charged upon him frequently by his enemies. But these defects were nothing but oddities or simple singularities in his personal habits, and cannot be considered in any sense criminal or even censurable. For instance, he wore, on a certain day, a certain kind of coat; and on a certain other day ate a certain other kind of food, and nothing else. He would always have his victuals brought to him in his chamber; yet he thought it belonged to himself occasionally to visit the kitchen, to see how matters were conducted there. Hence, it was not unfrequently the case with him to stand with his back to the fire, or to sit on the hearth altogether absorbed in thought, and unconscious of what was going on around. Mr. Howitt



says that he spent much of his time strolling about the fields with a book in his hand, or loitering and musing under the hedges. In the house he went with his coat off and his shirt-collar open. Occasionally he read much in bed; and when tired of reading, or desirous of falling to sleep, he jerked his slippers from his feet and flung them at his candle until he had fairly extinguished it. In the morning he would rise and be much gratified to know, from the grease on them, that his slippers had effectually knocked over both candle and candlestick, and that he himself was a good marksman.

These things, I repeat, are only oddities, of which almost every man of genius has his share, and which, instead of being criminal, are to be looked upon with a spirit of lenity. As a man, our compassion is excited in his behalf; as a writer, he needs no praise at our hand. In the language of Dr. Johnson, "Whatever he composed, he did better than any other man could. And whether regarded as a poet, a comic writer, or as a historian, he was one of the first writers of his time, and will ever stand in the foremost class."

The apostrophe which closes the *Deserted Village* has mingled with it so much of truth and genuine poetry, that the reader will forgive my transcribing a few lines. He is addressing himself to the muse of poetry:

"Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried—  
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—  
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,  
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so—  
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,  
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well!  
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,  
On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,  
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime.  
Aid slighted truth: with thy persuasive strain  
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed,  
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;  
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away,  
While self-dependent power can time defy,  
As rocks resist the billows and the sky."

The thankless toils of a literary life have doubtless hastened the descent of many a poor author to the grave; but it is questionable whether the health or spirits of Goldsmith were seriously affected by his numerous reverses and disappointments in the world. He died in comparative ease, amid sympathizing friends, and his remains were deposited in the Temple burying-ground, the place where he had often wished to lay his weary body down. A monument was erected on the walls of Westminster Abbey, in honor of his memory. Peace to the ashes of Oliver Goldsmith! Long be his memory cherished by mankind, and deep be his sleep in the quiet of the grave!

RAINY DAYS.

NUMBER V.

BY G. F. DISCOWAY, A. M.

THE GREEKS—THEIR ORACLES AND RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES.

WE do not intend to enter the immense and gloomy temple of the Grecian Pantheon, but only to notice their oracles and religious mysteries. All seemed to have consulted the oracles, ignorant and illiterate as their priests are known to have been. Plato and Xenophon both sought advice of Apollo at Delphi in person. This was the most celebrated oracular temple of all Greece; indeed, it was called the oracle of the whole earth. So established was the character of its declarations, that the enacting laws, declaring peace or war, with the most common concerns of life, were not undertaken without the sanction of the Pythian priestess. This woman was only a blind instrument of the *Aphetor*, or great prophet, who explained the oracle as he thought proper. Her answers were generally delivered in verse, not less confused and corrupt than the Latin now spoken at the court of Rome. Plutarch acknowledges that the versification neither possessed cadence nor measure, and the god of harmony never received such mortal affronts as in his own sanctuary.

The priests of Dodona, whose shrine was sacred to *Jupiter* at Epirus, were equally illiterate. Still they demanded immense prices for their answers to republics as well as individuals. This is one of their decrees to the Athenians: "We command you, in the name of God, to convey, as soon as possible, to Dodona, in atonement for your faults and sins, nine oxen, capable of laboring the earth, eighteen heifers, a separate victim to be immolated to Dione, the mother of Venus, and a table of brass, which shall be consecrated to Jupiter." Besides the value of these offerings, the Athenians were compelled to perform a journey of more than fifty leagues, the distance from the capital to that shrine. From such presents to the gods, the temple and city of Delphi especially were filled with vast treasures. *Croesus*, who passed for the richest of mankind, made immense and costly donations to this oracle, for the purpose of obtaining favorable answers. According to *Lucan*, *Nero* finally closed the lips of the Delphic god. That monster likely feared that the Greeks might learn from the oracle some secrets of the Roman empire, and especially those of his imperial family, in which murder, poison, adultery, and other horrid depravities were carried on in secrecy.

MYSTERIES OF CERES.

Among the Greeks the most dangerous superstitions were those which brought money to the priests and to the state. The Athenians protected the Eleusinian, or mysteries of *Ceres*, because they shared the profits with the Hierophantes, or priests. It was one *Aristogiton* who succeeded in imposing a capitation tax upon all initiated pilgrims; and *Demosthenes*

asserts that this fellow was the greatest villain of his day. This festival in honor of Ceres, was celebrated every fifth year by the Athenians in the most solemn and mysterious manner. All ages and both sexes were initiated into these secrets, and to neglect them was criminal. The neglect of Socrates in this respect was one accusation that led to his execution.

Nine whole days were employed in celebrating the rites of Eleusis, during which time fairs were held around the temple of Ceres and Proserpine, and commerce, traffick, and gaming, carried on. The initiated, it was imagined, would eternally dwell in the delightful groves of Elysium; all others were to be tormented for ever with the punishments of the poetic hell. Hence the mysteries likely represented what was supposed to pass in the regions of *Elysium* and *Tartarus*. Some critics believe that the Eleusinian secrets are divulged in the sixth *Æniad* of Virgil. The person who attended the initiation was called *Hierophantes*, or the revealer of holy truths. He had three assistants, the *torch-bearer*, the *crier*, and the *priest*.

We can form some opinion concerning the moral character of the Hierophantes from a circumstance related by Aristotle of Callias, a celebrated torch-bearer of Ceres. He says, that this man was regarded as a model of bad citizens in Athens, and never did the city produce any person with a more depraved heart, or more fatal genius. Greece never possessed a greater villain or more despicable wretch!\* Such was the Athenian priest Callias, whose presence should have banished the gods, if any thing divine ever existed amidst such profanity.

There were three objections constantly repeated to the Hierophantes of Eleusis in particular, which they never could answer. In the first place, why such mysteries could not be celebrated with safety by day, as well as night? why silence was enjoined with regard to their doctrines, which, if correct, could not be too public? and, lastly, it was contrary to truth and charity to devote the uninitiated, three-fourths of mankind, to eternal punishments. Diagoras, an Athenian philosopher, maintained openly that these ceremonies were contrary to virtue, and corrupted the manners of the Greeks. When no one could refute him, an Attic talent was offered to whoever would take his life. These nocturnal assemblies doubtless became the dangerous occasions for intrigue, superstition, and libertinism.

#### THE MYSTERIES OF BACCHUS.

At Athens, these mysteries were united to those of Ceres, which gave rise to the famous procession, in which might be seen thirty thousand pilgrims on their way to Eleusis. Crowned with leaves of myrtle, they carried the statue of Bacchus from Athens along the sacred way to his orgies amidst shouts of triumph

resounding through all the valleys of Dacia. In open cars superbly ornamented, the women of Athens, with lighted torches, led the way in these national rites. So licentious was their discourse along the road, that low conversation was emphatically called the "language of the chariots." Here first began to appear those magnificent cars, drawn by white mules of rare beauty, and purchased at enormous prices through all Peloponnessus. Under the pretext of rendering respectful worship to the gods, the women endeavored to excel each other in their display and equipages at Eleusis. They were followed by a numerous retinue of slaves, some of whom came from the centre of Ethiopia. Lycurgus himself, fearing the ruin that such excesses would produce in Athens, issued a severe law forbidding the women to appear in this public and scandalous manner. But the wife of Lycurgus was the first to transgress this decree, on the very day of its publication.

Jupiter had altars at Olympia, and Apollo in Delphi, but those erected to Bacchus were universal. He was the deity who inspired men and women to extraordinary deeds. Nestor himself harangued the heroes of the Iliad whilst waving his goblet. The wines of ancient Greece were very violent; and when the *Bacchantes* had indulged in these liquors, they were capable of the greatest excesses. Their feasts were periodical, indicated by the calendar, and the very day was known when intoxicated beings would become furious in their excesses. This was all called religious worship, and Grecian legislators who dared to interfere with such sacred things, might expect the indignation and displeasure of the gods, as had been displayed in the dreadful fate of Lycurgus, a king of Thrace. Thus clearly did mythology lead to vice and libertinism. The poet Euripides had to use great caution in his tragedy of the *Bacchantes*, when so favorable an opportunity occurred to reproach the women of Greece. He was afraid of reproving their manners, as such an attack might have been construed into Atheism, and he himself share the fate of Socrates. Even Demosthenes, after he had delivered his celebrated oration against Philip of Macedon, descended from the rostrum in his embroidered robes, to dance at the feast of Bacchus. "We cannot," said he, "sufficiently honor that deity, to whom the north of Attica is indebted for the vine."\*

These famed mysteries, instead of making the Greeks more virtuous, increased in reality their corruption and depravity. Their contempt for oaths and contracts became so notorious, according to Polybius, that not even the shadow of good faith could any longer be found in Greece.† False oaths were so common, that the expression, "*Lend me your testimony*," was heard daily addressed to perjured wretches, hanging about the courts for hire. Then before the judges, calling on the waters of Styx, or the thunder

\* Rhetor., lib. iii.

\* Demosthenes against Midias. † Lib. vi.



of Jupiter, by way of oath, they would swear to any thing desired by the advocate. Thus they acted without fear or remorse, because they pretended that heaven had been promised to them by the lips of the Hierophantes. In the most northern part of Arcadia stood an ancient temple of Diana, which Polybius states enjoyed the right of asylum.\* To this sanctuary murderers, malefactors, and robbers of every description fled for safety from the different countries.

Poor as it was, the careful student of Grecian history will observe the desecration of the popular religion as he approaches the age of Philip. In the time of Thucydides, the Delphic oracle was still revered; but when the Peloponnesian war dissolved all the former relations of the Grecian states, their religious ones toward the gods were also destroyed. A new civil war followed, and along with it the downfall of liberty. Sacred treasures stolen from Delphi carried on this contest, and also increased riches to an unheard of degree, but with them came a fatal increase of luxury and the wants of life. The Athenians began to lose the spirit of patriotism, and the pleasures of refined vices entirely to supplant the heroic virtues. Their ancient noble military glory was destroyed by employing mercenary soldiers, which imparted a deadly blow to their former valor. In vain did Demosthenes, with all his burning eloquence, oppose the artful designs of Philip, the invader—in vain did his countrymen make a vigorous effort to preserve their natural liberties. Degeneracy and corruption within, and the violent inroads of barbarism from without, endangered the national existence of Greece. Her splendid ornaments of art were carried away—her sanctuaries profaned—her ancient cities made desolate, and her inhabitants transplanted. Still Greece disseminated a humanizing influence over the wide realms of the east—Macedonia, and as far as the barren steppes of central Asia and the sandy deserts of Africa. In the political institutions, religion, language, and science of these regions could be plainly traced a Grecian origin.

But "*the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come.*" Summer, so transcendently rich in being and beauty, has again reached our beautiful island, almost before we were aware, so gentle has been the progress of nature since the winter season. We have sunny skies and sunny showers—the voice of birds in the woods, and fragrant odors from our green fields and lanes. We leave the Greeks and her classic fields and authors, to study *that Book*, written without mortal pen. To the lover of God's works, they all seem to call at this enchanting moment, in the beautiful pastoral language of the wise man, "*Rise up, my*

*love, my fair one, and come away.*" Away, away, then, to the fields and the woods, to observe and to study nature. Let not the summer sun go down upon you, without contemplating these scenes and mercies; for he who has never seen such charms, knows not how fair a world he lives in.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF WOE.

BY R. GILBERT.

Ere sin clad man in drapery of death,  
And hung her lurid pall, from chaos woke  
Fair earth, adorned with crystal brooks, that roll'd  
In ceaseless grandeur on, and gurling founts,  
And dewy lawns, and flow'rs of fadeless bloom,  
And holy mounts, and trees of vernal hue—  
So fair—so pure, with breath of balmy morn,  
That all the bright enraptured host—"the sons  
Of God," awoke, and tun'd to wond'ring praise  
Th' eternal lyre!

While wafting incense pure  
Arose from golden urns, and zephyrs breathed  
Th' enchanting sweets of morn; alas! fair earth,  
Relentless Death on ebon throne eclipsed  
The holy light, and o'er creation threw  
His sombre pall! The sword of vengeance dire,  
Instinct with wrath, and mutt'ring deeper woe,  
Gleam'd o'er the tree of life! O, earth! then first  
Thou heard'st the thrilling ELOQUENCE OF WOE!  
Heav'n's radiance fair flash'd scintillating light  
Athwart thy lurid gloom, and bade thee wake  
And live. Alas! the wrathful fountains of  
The heaving deep in fury roll, and sweep  
With besom dire! The zigzag lightnings flash  
In horrid curve across the lurid gloom;  
And thunderbolts of heav'n, as hurl'd by arm  
Omnipotent, with trembling terror crash,  
And rend thy heaving breast! Ah, now thou hear'st  
The ELOQUENCE OF WOE!

O, earth! too deep  
Thy moral stain for aqueous floods to wash  
Away. Behold, 'tis midnight deep! Alas!  
Drear earth, thy latest doom arrives. Thy locks  
Of hoary age bespeak thee old in sin.  
Lo! mutt'ring thunders of Omnipotence  
Are heard; and seated on "the great white throne,"  
Our God in dread majestic grandeur comes!  
O, earth! bow now thy suppliant knee; implore  
That mercy oft rejected. O, 'tis vain  
Thou fleest "the great white throne." Th' artillery  
Of heav'n pursues thy frantic flight; and all  
Thy barren mountains far, and valleys drear,  
Are wrapt in lambent flames! O, earth! thou *feel'st*,  
Thou *hear'st* the ELOQUENCE OF FINAL WOE!

Suffering is permanent,  
And has the nature of infinity.

\* Hist., lib. iv.

## NAOMI.

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

THE Christian need never err through ignorance. There is no duty enjoined upon him in the word of God that is not made plain to the understanding which will take the trouble to consider it. Every precept is embodied in example—every relation of life illustrated in Bible history. Nor can we readily imagine the follower of Christ treading a labyrinth so perplexed, or placed in a situation so difficult, that no ray of light from the inspired volume falls upon his pathway, or directs his course. It is, emphatically, “a lamp to the feet” of all who seek its guidance. Even where our obligations are not clearly pointed out, they are so significantly intimated that “he who runs may read,” and reading ascertain the track he should pursue.

There is a connection constituted by marriage, of which society every day furnishes us specimens, whose influence upon domestic happiness is often incalculable. A sensible, judicious *mother-in-law*, is a blessing either to a man or woman; but, alas! for the short-sightedness and imperfection which characterize human beings, the existence of such a relation too frequently becomes a bane to both. Is there an eye that will scan this page, which cannot turn to some evidence of the truth of this assertion in the range of its own observation?

So familiar is the fact, that many parents, more interested in their children's peace of mind than their worldly establishment, consider the residence of the wife with her husband's family a sufficient objection to the proposals of the wealthiest lover; and not a few high-minded men have been deterred from addressing amiable and attractive women by the prospect of having their household tranquility endangered by the abode of a weak and indiscreet *mother-in-law*.

How refreshing to the heart, wearied by the contemplation of such spectacles, to turn to the portrait of Naomi! Her daughter-in-law we will regard hereafter; for although her name gives its title to the book which records her history, I cannot but think Naomi is the presiding spirit of the story, and that her influence made Ruth the character we admire. This Naomi was certainly no common personage, as we learn from the examination of her portraiture. She accompanies her husband into the land of Moab, a fugitive from famine, and during her sojourn there becomes a widow. Her two sons chose themselves wives of the women of that idolatrous country, most probably contrary to the wishes of their mother. But instead of alienating their affections by a cold and repulsive deportment, she appears to have accommodated her mind to an event which was the result of circumstances, and wisely determined to attach her daughter-in-law to herself.

The art of winning hearts, an art invaluable to her sex, she certainly seems to have learned, in an eminent degree, as we shall presently perceive.

After the lapse of ten years, her afflictions multiply upon her, and bereavements are announced in the touching words, “Mahlon and Chilion died also both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.” Desolate indeed would her condition now have been, had she not secured the affection of her daughters-in-law; for she who is left in the world without love is truly bereaved; her sky has no star—her pathway no flowers. The relief that is tendered by duty alone can never confer happiness on the receiver, rarely on the giver. Emotion, as well as principle, must be infused into the offering, else it falls like lead, not sunshine, on the crushed and saddened spirit. We may continue to recognize the existence of ties when we feel them burdensome. Could they be severed without any fault of ours, we should realize more of pleasure than pain. Death had broken the sensible link which united the young Moabites to Naomi; but their conduct proves that she had bound them to herself by the strongest of all cords—their heart-strings.

Simultaneous with the announcement of her intention to return to her native land seems to have been their resolve to accompany her. Parents, country, early association, all, were merged in their attachment to her. Accordingly, they commenced their journey. The conflict which had, probably, long been agitating the bosom of Naomi was at last ended. Avoiding every allusion to the loneliness of her future life, should they follow her advice, she bids them return to their home and kindred, concluding with the fervent aspiration, “The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.” How many sad emotions must have crowded the breasts of those young mourners! Happy were they if the former part of Naomi's petition brought back no remembered word or act to the departed they would have forfeited existence to recall.

When their excited feelings were somewhat calmed, they addressed her in language which clearly manifested their determination to accompany her, “Surely we will return with thee to thy people.” Again she affectionately expostulates, urging them to retrace their steps to their own country, adding, with affecting generosity, “For it grieveth me much for your sakes, that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.” Her remonstrance renews their grief. Orpah, convinced by her arguments, with a tender farewell, departs. And none can condemn her. According to the testimony of her mother-in-law she had faithfully fulfilled her duties. Her husband was no more. She might now return to the associations of her



girlhood, and, if possible, cull fresh blossoms for the faded garland of hope and happiness.

Ruth persisted in her first resolve, and "when Naomi perceived that she was steadfastly-minded to go with her, she left speaking unto her." But though her tongue was silent, her thoughts were doubtlessly busy in pondering Ruth's decision, and she supplicated Heaven that her devotion to herself might be rewarded.

The manner of Naomi's reception at Bethlehem, shows that she occupied a position of rank and importance in her own country. Though many years had elapsed since her departure, she was so well-remembered, and so highly respected, that "all the city was moved" at her altered fortunes; and contrasting the present with the past exclaimed, "Is this Naomi?" Her reply is full of pathos. Making not the slightest allusion to any secondary cause, she refers all her calamities to God, yet expresses no complaint: "Call me not Naomi, call me Mara; for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why, then, call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?"

I can recollect but three passages from any author that will at all compare with this description of a bereaved heart. One occurs in the diary of Lady Maxwell when she was left widowed and childless: "God gave me all, and took all from me. Fate, drop the curtain; I can lose no more." One, I think, is from Euripides: "My heart is full of sorrow: there is no room for more." The other is from the German of Schiller: "The world is empty. Father, call home thy child." Yet in the two former of these we might imagine a challenge of Providence to inflict greater evils than were already experienced; and the latter concludes with a request which might suggest the idea that there was a want of entire resignation.

No such objection mars the beauty of Naomi's tale of woe. Her piety is not less apparent in the grateful acknowledgment that followed Ruth's report of her success in gleaning. "Blessed be he of the Lord who hath not left off his kindness to the living and to the dead."

Our ignorance of the customs of that remote period must, necessarily, render much of her subsequent course obscure and incomprehensible to us. Ruth's unquestioning acquiescence proves the high estimate in which she held Naomi's judgment; and our acquaintance with the previous history of both, gives us confidence in the propriety of their course. The fortunate result confirms our belief. Another evidence of Naomi's power of attaching those around her, is afforded in the sympathy which greeted her when the child of Ruth was laid upon her bosom; for sympathy alone could have selected the language that expresses their congratulations. Mere

commonplace interest could not so delicately have touched the very chords so recently attuned to sorrow, and waked a joyous thrill.

We bless and magnify the Lord,  
Who thee a child hath giv'n;  
Through whom the chain shall be restor'd,  
Whose early links were riv'n.

No longer need'st thou fear thy name  
From Israel shall perish,  
But thou shalt triumph in his fame,  
And he thine age shall cherish.

Thy youth shall seem renew'd, for one  
Who loves thee well hath borne him;  
The widow of thine own lost son,  
No longer shalt thou mourn him.

For hers hath been a daughter's part;  
Her love, so true and tender,  
Is better to thy woman's heart,  
Than seven sons could render.

Then take her infant to thine arms,  
And lay him on thy bosom,  
And whilst thou gazest on his charms,  
Fresh hopes shall round thee blossom.

## ACROSTIC.

BY M. J. D.

TRUE friend of womanhood! thee I greet;  
How pleasant 'tis with thee to meet,  
Enriched with many a pleasing gem.

Like some dear friend thou com'st to me,  
And through each page I'll follow thee:  
Delighted will I pluck each flower—  
Improve my mind each passing hour—  
Extracting honey like the bee,  
Still gaining something good from thee.

Richly fraught with precious truth,  
Excelling all—sure guide of youth—  
Presenting still an ample store  
Of knowledge deep, and ancient lore;  
Seraphic songs and simple lays  
Incite our hearts in various ways  
To prize the "GATHERINGS OF THE WEST."  
O, may its truths reach every breast—  
Remind us of our homes above—  
Yon blissful heaven of peace and love!

## A PRAYER.

O THOU, whose ear attentive hears the cry  
Of misery; who never didst one single  
Soul in willingness afflict, on me look  
Down; thy grace bestow; thy spirit give, and  
Grant whate'er my state on earth may be, through  
Life, in death, thy sovereign sway to own,  
And say, "My God, my Lord is all to me!"

## THE POWER OF GOD.

BY PROFESSOR G. WATERMAN.

IN contemplating Deity, our ideas acquire oftentimes definiteness and precision by singling out some individual attribute and viewing it in its different aspects and manifestations. This we propose doing in the present instance. The particular one which shall be the theme of our meditations is, his *power*.

*Power* is ability to perform an action, and may be either physical or moral. The former only will command our attention at present.

We form our estimate of man's power from what he has done, prevented, or controlled. It will aid our conceptions to inquire what God has done, prevented, or controlled.

*He has made, by his word, the MATERIAL of the universe*—called it into being out of nothing! How stupendous the thought! He simply spoke, and the *matter* of a universe rose into being, obedient to his command. World on world, system after system, congregated millions upon millions of celestial orbs, which before had no existence, at his behest stood forth to attest his creative power. Man's power is merely *formative*. Let it be increased till, in its kind, it become omnipotent, yet would it be perfectly inadequate to the *creation* of a single atom. The power of God in creation is something entirely different in kind from that possessed, so far as we know, by any created being. He alone can call into existence the things that are not. Infinite space seems already full of the evidences of his power in this respect. Yet we have no reason to suspect his energies exhausted. Should it seem good to him so to do, all that now exists might become as the drop to the ocean, in comparison with what his power could call into being. And his creative power would still be infinite! O, my soul, how incomprehensibly mighty is thy God!

Again: *He has fitted up this world*, and most probably others also, *for the accommodation of his creatures*. Having created the material of this world, his next work was that of bringing the elements together, molding them into form, and afterward adorning and beautifying the completed structure. What exhibitions of power does the surface of our own globe present. His hand has dug out the seas, piled up the mountains, formed the channels of the rivers, capped the mountains with snow, covered the landscape with verdure, and beautified the whole for the residence of his creatures. What colossal statues has he erected to commemorate his power, in "Alps on Alps in stately grandeur piled," in Himalayah's heights, and in Andes' fearful chasms! What more appropriate epithet could the sacred penman select than "the MIGHTY God?"

But this vast structure does not stand still. When he had thus fitted it up, and beautified it, taking it

up in his right hand, he swung it out into space, and bade it wheel its course around the sun as its great centre. Obedient to that irresistible mandate, it has pursued an undeviating track through hundreds of millions of miles, still circling the vast central luminary, and returning, ever and anon, with the utmost precision, to the goal whence it originally started.

The mind is lost in the contemplation of such stupendous power. Yet this is but the beginning of the displays of his omnipotence. Astronomy reveals to us the startling fact, that what he has done for our earth he has done for untold millions of other worlds, many of them vastly superior, in point of size, to the one we inhabit. Well may the royal poet exclaim, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

This leads us to the consideration of another, and, in many respects, the most wonderful display of his power—the *creation of the human soul*. Mountains may raise their dizzy heights till hidden by intervening clouds, or their snow-capped summits prove a guide to the mariner some scores of leagues at sea: the waves of the ocean may rise and dash with terrific roar against their granite bulwarks, bearing destruction to all save the power that controls them: the earthquake may shake the pillars of the world and heave up the very foundations upon which the mountains rest: all these may take place, the stupendous exhibitions of omnipotent Power; yet in the creation of the soul—the deathless soul of man, is a display of power, before which all others sink into comparative insignificance. The mountains contain within them the causes of their own destruction. The rocks decay, and are borne by the torrent to the ocean. The tornado, the thunderbolt, the earthquake, have combined against them. But the soul is indestructible.

"Deathless its nature; for its age  
Eternity he gives."

Who can measure its intellectual capacities and powers! It ranges the universe. It grasps immensity. For its gratification it lays earth, sea, and sky under tribute. In the indefinite expansion of its powers, it approximates continually its great Original, yet without the possibility of ever reaching equality.

Look, too, at the strength of its affections—the fearful power of its emotion. Sometimes these affections bind it so strongly to earth and earthly objects, that naught save the power and Spirit of God himself can sever the union. Its emotions, at times, are so violent as to batter down the strong castle in which it resides, and leave it a houseless wanderer through the universe.

Then measure, if you can, its immortality. Summon all the past before you. Go back to that point when the triune God was the only existence in the universe. Take the whole intervening period as your



measuring unit, and with it attempt to measure *endless duration*. How fruitless the effort! How hopeless the task! When you have traversed infinity—when you have comprehended Omnipotence—when you have scaled heaven and sounded the depths of the bottomless pit—when, in fine, you have measured a past eternity, and delivered up the sum of its cycles, then, and not till then, may you hope to compute the soul's existence! Yet the creation of this soul is but one illustration of the mighty power of God. What, then, must be the Creator? Well might the patriarchal sage ask the question, "Who by searching can find out God? or know the holy One to perfection?"

## A SCENE TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY EDWARD B. STEVENS, M. D.

HE that has visited the rotunda of our national Capitol, will not easily forget a striking picture there. It is a quaint grouping. Gazing upon it, the wandering memories are gathered about times and things of an early day. Gazing upon it, the thoughts quietly dwell upon those who, girt about in sackcloth, went out to weary toil and painful wanderings; while rich fancy travels far off to temples, to Jerusalems, to Meccas, and to all pious shrines, where are clustered recollections of those things which will ever be of the holy. Pilgrims! What sacred associations tremble at that word! what wholesome influences are cherished under its sound. And in that word pilgrim how much of the scrip and staff—of the stiff and starch, stately and demure—every thing, in short, that belongs to the often much abused—often over-praised character, Puritan.

Let us pause a moment before that quaint old picture that fills one space of the rotunda. It is the deck of a vessel of no great capacity. Those people are in the solemn attitude of prayer. You feel how slight soever the frail bark may be, an aweing, awful Presence is there. Those two men in the centre of the group, of grave mien, are those good men, Brewster and Robinson, the spiritual guides; while surrounding them, on the one hand, are others of the same belief—of the same persecuted faith, looking up to Him for hope in this the hour of their extremity. On the other hand is kneeling that right brave-hearted soldier—that right honest-hearted man, Miles Standish; while leaning by his side, sharing his troubles, sweetening his trials, loving him in peril, is she who plighted to brave Standish the affection and trust of her girlhood's innocence. On a rude piece of the ship's timbers is the single, simple word, "*Speedwell*," carelessly spelled by some bluff sailor, perhaps, yet that simple word conveying in itself the whole history recorded in that picture. On a flapping rag of canvas over head, as if a constant

written application, we read the phrase, "*God with us*." Ay, my friends, away on the broad surface of the mighty deep, naught around but the howling storm, and the dirge music of the ocean surge, well may you pray, "*God with us*." Confide in him who rides amongst the clouds; or lashing breakers, and hurricanes, and mountain waves, shall speedily sweep you away from all the reckonings of time. Confide in him! you shall yet have many troubles; your vessel's captain is a coward captain; your "*Speedwell*" shall not bear you to the "rock-bound coast" of your destiny: once more shall you unwillingly visit the land of your childhood's dreams—your childhood's hopes—your childhood's cottages—your manhood's desolation of all true hope. But still, "*God with us*," we yet shall see the better time.

Pilgrims! Strange what a mysterious reverence steals upon us when we pronounce that word—a sort of awe; for we feel, indeed, that these were other than the selfish, grasping, time-serving creatures of the day we live in. These men and women belong to the heroic in history. Not that sort of hero that walks forth wrapped in such garments as are "rolled in blood"—that tramples upon thrones, gives proud temples to the torch, and blasts nations in the wild fierceness of war. Not that sort of hero that spells the single word Glory in huge red characters of human gore. A far other sort of heroism is of these—a heroism that seeks in the life given us here below, to snatch the ever-glowing present, and bear it into the past, teeming with fruits for the good of men—a heroism that labors against all powers and Satan's, to establish, to build up everlastingly, that which pertains to the good and true in nature and in creation. Those were rude people in some of their works and worship. Some things they did in zealous bigotry, over which we weep; but, struggling up through this rudeness, bursting into a bright glory of light above this bigotry, is seen a true love for the beautiful, which shall live for ever. These have not been a forgotten people; much has been written of them—much in the warm spirit of affectionate love. We read of them when the orator has enkindled the brightest fires of his imagination, and all the soul, and fervency, and gorgeousness of eloquence is called up to do them homage. We read of them as those who planted the seeds of civil right and free conscience—as establishing a liberty in which men might think and talk, might print political essays, and found young democracies. There has ever been to me another end of that ocean pilgrimage. Looking through these things which we grasp as most tangible beyond to a more glorious and lofty view—I read in the mission of the Puritan Pilgrims, the seeking of a new world for the kindlier, happier development of the heart.

In struggling for freedom of conscience, they cared for no mere victory of formal theological opinion; in a civil revolution, there was no vain

longing for political power and the aggrandisement of place with them; and so, too, in building up a new home in the savage wildness of new England hills, they meant to build up that which should be a *home of the affections*.

In the wild, rude energy of these people, there is much of the appearance of chivalry. It is ever with associations of the chivalric that we are apt to regard them. And yet they came not to America to grapple with powers. Theirs was no mailed panoply of errant knights; and they would never have sought such uncouth hills and barbarous coasts as ours in the mad spirit of uncertain adventure. If at any time they snatched the rusting blade from its scabbard, and gave to the breeze their shouted battle cry, it was not in the pride of well-appointed armies, or that security of strength which lends to innocent defiance the garb of insolence; but theirs was ever the battling of trampled right struggling beneath the iron hoof of might—theirs was the confident, relying faith of the weak man in a God that loves and will ever uphold his truth. In the sincerity of their hearts, they forgot the pride of their fathers, and became humble workers. That very humble sincerity beckoned them quietly forward to greatness. Surrounded by the largeness of this new world, with its mountains, and cataracts, and vast internal seas: listening to the scream of the eagle, and drinking in the music of the spheres, a new generation sprung up, which shall carry on a new series of events, and speak a new kind of thoughts in unison with the native grandness that has inspired them.

#### THE CEDAR BURIAL GROUND.

—  
A SKETCH.

—  
BY ORIA.

How many varied emotions are awakened in the mind as we enter "the silent city of the dead."

From earliest remembrance, it has been to me a melancholy pleasure to visit the last resting-place of those whom I knew and loved ere the chill breath of the destroyer had passed over them, leaving vacant places in the home circle, and desolate hearts in many a dwelling.

"The Cedar Burial Ground!" Its very name brings thoughts of beauty, and it is a bright and lovely spot, meet resting-place for the young and fair who sleep "the sleep which knows no waking." I lingered there as though I could not turn away from aught so lovely, and it will be long ere that parting glance is erased from my memory. The soft beams of the setting sun tinged the tree-tops with golden light, and here and there rested lovingly on the pure marble above some dreamless sleeper. As

I stood there in the hush of evening, listening to the murmuring of water near, and the music of rustling leaves, I thought how humbling it should be to the proud heart to remember, that "we are but dust and fleeting shadows!" Death spares neither the good nor the great; the old and the young alike must own his sway, and in the grave whither all are speeding, "how loved, how valued once, avails us not."

I stood by the grave of a little child over whom the hand of affection reared the monumental stone. It gave a name, and numbered the brief years of its young life. The device was singularly beautiful. On the white tablet rested the book divine, and below it a sculptured dove which seemed as though it too would take its flight far beyond the earnest gaze. The eloquent inscription spoke volumes to my heart. It spoke of Him who became a little child, dwelt on earth, and slept within the grave, that through his death and resurrection, erring man might win eternal life, and "Suffer little children to come unto me," remains indelibly engraved upon my heart.

As I looked on the tomb of a father whose children lay beside him, I thought that his was a happy lot. As in life he had taught them lessons of truth and holiness, so, when his Savior bade them come, had led them to the throne, there to learn, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A broken column, emblem of the frailty of earthly hopes, stood in a green and quiet spot, telling of one, who, in the pride of youth, had been called to close his eyes on the fair scenes of earth, while his spirit should awake to the glorious realities of a better world. It was not in his early home, with loved voices whispering peace and hope to the parting soul, that he had died. Far away in a sunny land, where every breeze that fanned his brow was laden with the breath of flowers, there life had passed away, and yet there was a memorial placed near his home, betokening that his memory was fondly cherished. But the flowers he once loved bloomed round it now unheeded; for the hand that planted them was motionless in death. And thus it is, form after form vanishes from the earth. Yet a little while, and our very names will be forgotten.

I sought a sheltered nook, where the trees formed a pleasant shade, yet did not shut out the free, glad sunlight, and on the marble which time had robbed of its purity I read, "The Stranger's Grave." It was a simple epitaph, but those few words were full of meaning. I had heard that, years ago, a young, beautiful girl had visited the city. None knew who she was, or whence she came, but long will be remembered the few eventful hours succeeding her arrival. "Death found strange beauty on her polished brow, and dashed it out," and he who was thus suddenly bereft of his heart's idol laid her there in her blighted loveliness, wishing in vain that he too slept beside her. She came, and passed away,



but her memory still lives in hearts that knew her not, and oft as that tomb is pointed out, it wakes a mournful interest for the fate of the early dead. And as I broke a sprig from the cedar near her tomb, I thought that when I too must die, I would fain sleep in such a spot, even though mine should be a "stranger's grave."

"The stranger's grave! the stranger's grave!"  
In vain we wonder who thou art;  
The tall trees near thee seem to wave  
A requiem for a broken heart.

"The stranger's grave!" how mournfully  
We linger near that old gray stone,  
To weave a silent history  
For her who sleeps beneath alone.

"The stranger's grave!" it speaks to me  
Of a sad hour long, long ago—  
Of a pure spirit then set free  
For ever from all earthly woe.

"A stranger's grave!" such, too, is hers,  
The dearly loved, the young, the fair,  
'Twas hallowed by a stranger's tears,  
And strangers laid her gently there.

"The strangers' graves!" one is afar,  
Yet fondly I remember it;  
And think o'er both that some bright star  
Will shed its pure and holy light.

"The strangers' graves!" 'tis sacred ground  
Where ye so lone and lowly lie;  
But may each spirit's home be found  
With God when Death himself must die.

#### TO A FRIEND.

BY MISS M. A. PURMORT.

Thy name is linked with thoughts of gladness,  
Happiest thoughts of days gone by;  
Days ere yet a cloud of sadness  
Cast its shadow o'er my sky.

Mem'ry oft her vigils keeping,  
Loves in distant lands to roam,  
Where the shades of twilight creeping  
Deepen round thy western home.

Clouds of dense and deep affliction  
Have passed o'er me since we met;  
But unchanged my deep affection  
Fondly twines around thee yet.

Since you left us fearful changes  
Have been working darkness here;  
But the coldness that estranges  
Kindred hearts is far more drear.

O, my friend! I never, never  
Shall forget to think of thee;  
And I hope that thou wilt ever  
Midst thy joy remember me.

Let me ask when thou art kneeling  
At the hour of twilight low,

And a beam from heaven is stealing  
Round thy calm and tranquil brow—

Let me ask one fond remembrance  
At the sacred altar there—  
There I would not be forgotten,  
Let my name be in thy prayer.

There will be an hour of meeting  
Where these ties shall not be riven;  
There will be a place of greeting,  
O, my friend, 'twill be in heaven!"

#### ON THE DEATH OF A MINISTER.

BY B. H. C.

"SERVANT of God, well done." Thou, too, hast left  
Thy field of labor, and thy flock on earth,  
To join the glorious "Church of the first-born,"  
Who worship God in heav'n. Thy burning zeal  
Hath run its course, untiring; and thy faith,  
Firm and unwav'ring in the trying hour,  
Threw a bright halo o'er death's gloomy grave,  
And op'd the pathway to eternal life.  
Thy work soon done, and well. Time had not shed  
Its frost upon thee; but in manhood's prime,  
Amid thy faithful toil, the message came  
To summon thee away. And then, with joy  
And calm submission to the Master's will,  
Thou didst unloose the bonds of tend'rest love  
That bound thee here, and bid adieu to time.  
Celestial wings o'erspread the bed of death,  
And angel harps sent forth the sweetest sounds,  
The prelude of those holy lays which make  
The melody of heaven. The closing scene  
Was one of triumph; and the man of God  
Exchang'd his garments here for robes of light,  
Wash'd and made white in the Redeemer's blood.  
When earthly objects faded from his sight,  
Immortal glories open'd to his view;  
And when the notes of earth died on his ear,  
He heard, with rapture, the transporting song  
"Of Moses and the Lamb." And now, *farewell*.  
We bear thee to the tomb with many tears,  
And love will cast a garland on thy grave,  
The striking emblem of departed worth.  
But thou hast gain'd thy home in bowers of bliss,  
Where thornless flow'rs in changeless beauty bloom,  
And pleasures never end.

#### WHAT IS LIFE?

LIFE is but a weary interlude  
Which doth short joys, long woes include:  
The world the stage, the prologue tears;  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;  
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
And leaves no epilogue but death.

## YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY J. E. E.

THE rapid increase in late years of literary works, and especially of the lighter order of poetic composition, has, I doubt not, led many readers and professed admirers of poetry, to a disrelish and neglect of the sterling poems of Edward Young; and it seems to me, therefore, that a few words in behalf of the now somewhat unfashionable "Night Thoughts" will not be out of place.

Dr. Young, as is well known, had reached the age of three-score years before his "Night Thoughts," the most celebrated of his poems, were written and published. Age, however, had not impaired the brilliancy of his genius, nor the fertility of his imagination. He is one of the remarkable instances of superior genius manifesting its full vigor at a late period of life, and his case tends to confirm the truth of a remark made by Sir James Mackintosh in reference to Dugald Stewart, "That there seems to be some natural tendency in the fire of genius to burn more brightly or to blaze more fiercely in the evening than in the morning of life."

The production of a man of mature years, of cultivated mind, of deep piety—of one who had seen much of human life, and known much of sorrow, the "Night Thoughts," in addition to such claims upon the attention of the thoughtful, possess a power and splendor of thought and language, and a richness of poetic imagery which command the highest admiration of every lover of genuine poetry. They stand in the first rank of English poetry. The language of England so fruitful in noble poetry—the language of Shakespeare and of Milton can produce nothing of its kind to equal the opening of the "Night Thoughts." Let any one disposed to doubt this, test it. Take up the poem and commence its reading in the still solemn hours of night, when "creation sleeps," and the mind, calmed for serious reflection, feels its immortality, then will the power of the poet and his theme be confessed. A deep, solemn impression comes down upon the heart, and following, awe-struck, the majestic numbers of that sublime Complaint as they speak of life, death, and immortality.

"Our hopes and fears  
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge  
Look down, on what? A fathomless abyss—  
A dread eternity."

And we are ready to exclaim,

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,  
How complicate, how wonderful is man!  
How passing wonder *He* who made him such!"

We seem as we read to be led resistless by some mighty genius into the deepest intricacies of our mysterious being. Life, with its sorrows and its joys, death and the grave, with all their fearful

gloom, pass before the mental vision as vividly as the scenes of a panorama. But the poet does not lead us among the sorrows and uncertainties of life, nor the gloom of death, to doubt or to despair; we are led through them only that we may more clearly and fully behold and appreciate the glories of heaven and immortality.

The "Night Thoughts" are, perhaps, of too serious a cast to interest many readers. There is a class of minds ever disposed to turn away from the dark pictures of human life, and to dwell with thoughtless complacency upon its brighter forms. To such Young's serious poetry is doubtless forbidding. It did not escape the censure of some of his contemporaries. The poet Akenside, in his "Pleasures of the Imagination," is supposed to have alluded to Dr. Young, when he speaks of "servile numbers guided by the charms of baleful superstition," &c. While Young looked upon human life with the calm experience of age and sorrow, and the sound views of a Christian philosopher, Akenside saw it through a different medium—the medium of youth and gayety, and clothed it with the many pleasures which his own brilliant imagination has so glowingly described. The severity, however, with which he alluded to Young, if it be, as it is supposed, that he did allude to him in the passage referred to, is unjust and censurable.

It may be that the circumstances of Dr. Young's life, the character of his mind, and his peculiar theological views led him to draw a deeper shade over his subject than was necessary for producing the moral impression intended. Still the burden of the "Night Thoughts" is truth of the most solemn import, and no one who truly regards his nature and destiny can find aught in them that will tend otherwise than to his instruction. While they form a body of sound Christian philosophy, they also embrace the noblest objects of poetry, the elevation of the human soul to the refinement and dignity of Christian virtue, and the instruction of man in the great truths of his being, truths too much lost sight of by the mass of men, and even by poets of a high order of genius, whose muse has sung oftentimes in sublime strains, but sung to please rather than improve mankind. The creative power of poetry has too often been used to give alluring forms to principles and actions false and dangerous. The magic wand of genius has a potency of touch that can well nigh transform the hideous features of vice to the divine beauties of virtue. So powerful, indeed, is it, that even the Spirit of evil himself, has been made by it almost an object of admiration and sympathy to well governed minds. Few will, I trust, be disposed to deny that the power of the poet is exercised in its noblest sphere, when tracing in the scenes of nature and in the mental and moral powers of man, in a word, in all the wide range of human life and contemplation, the existence and attributes of God,



and the certainty of immortality, and in rousing man from the grossness and corruption of his sensual being, to the superior delight of his spiritual nature. In such a lofty sphere moved the genius of Young, and it failed not to reach the loftiest places of that sphere.

It is a fatal error to shun the contemplation of death, that inevitable reality. It is the height of cowardice to keep back the thought from wandering among its dark shadows. We should rather willingly, guided by the light of a genius like Young's, and by that higher Spirit, which breathed so much of a high and holy influence upon his heart, explore all its darkest and gloomiest recesses, that when we are called upon in reality, and not in imagination, to pass through them, we may know well the way, and be able to say, as Young doubtless was able to say, in the language of a greater than he, "Though I pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, and thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Others have written so much better than I can do in praise of Young's genius, that I am tempted to quote from the writings of an eminent living English author a part of a fine criticism, which embodies what I am sure is the judgment of every reflecting mind after a perusal of the "Night Thoughts."

"Standing upon the grave, the creations of two worlds are round him, and the gray hairs of the mourner became touched with the halo of the prophet. It is the time and spot he has chosen to teach us, that dignify and consecrate the lesson: it is not the mere human and earthly moral that gathers on his tongue. The conception hallows the work, and sustains its own majesty in every change and wandering of the verse. And there is this greatness in his theme—dark, terrible, severe—hope never deserts it! It is a deep and gloomy wave, but the stars are glassed upon its bosom. The more sternly he questions the world, the more solemnly he refers its answer to Heaven. Our bane and antidote are both before him; and he only arraigns the things of time before the tribunal of eternity. But if the conception of the 'Night Thoughts' be great, it is also uniform and sustained. The vast wings of the inspiration never slacken or grow fatigued. Even the humors and conceits are of a piece with the solemnity of the poem, like the grotesque masks carved in the walls of a cathedral, which defy the strict laws of taste and almost inexplicably harmonize with the whole."

Young possessed to an extent not excelled by any other poet, the faculty of condensing large thoughts into concise forms, that impress themselves readily upon the memory. His celebrated poem, "The Love of Fame," is eminently epigrammatic in style, and the "Night Thoughts" afford many examples of the same style. It is true of that poem,

as was said by Dr. Johnson in allusion to the "Love of Fame," that "his distichs have the weight of solid sentiments, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth." On every page of the "Night Thoughts," we find a solemn lesson, each paragraph teems with thought. An example or two at random may be given.

" 'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,  
And how they might have borne more welcome news."

Again he bids us,

"Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore  
Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

Again he says,

"The spirit walks, of every day deceased,  
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns."

Again, how beautifully does he censure an excessive grief for the Christian dead,

"Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost?  
Why wanders wretched thought their tomb around  
In infidel distress?"

It is, however, needless to multiply extracts from a book so easily to be read.

I would rejoice to see a taste for the "Night Thoughts" more general than it is. It is refreshing to turn from the barren commonplaces of the day, and drink at the deep fountains which flow from the rich mind of Young. The tendency of his writings is to rouse thought to lead it up to reason, and from reason to resolve, (as he so well expresses it),

"That column of true majesty in man."

It is an intellectual exercise of high order, to follow the thoughts of such a man. If this article shall lead any one who is now a stranger to him to form his acquaintance or more to value it, I shall feel that I have, in some degree, aided the cause of elevated piety and sterling literature.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

BY FLORENCE.

ALMOST every school-boy is familiar with the name of Alexander Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist. By birth he was a Scotchman, but the greater part of his life was spent in North America. He commenced his labors as a naturalist when over thirty years of age, and continued them until his death, which occurred on the 23d of August, 1813. Mr. Wilson, though not favored with a university education, possessed an excellent and well-disciplined mind, a fine fancy, and exuberance of thought rarely met with in any individual placed in similar circumstances with himself. His American Ornithology is equally respected in this country and Great Britain, and will stand as a monument of his fame which can never decay.

## SCHOOL REMINISCENCES.\*

BY HARMONY.

ANNA MORTON possessed great powers of mind, and of all she possessed, she was fully aware. Genius is, indeed, a noble thing in woman, when it is employed for purposes of usefulness and of good unto her fellow-beings. It glorifies and adorns her, when she makes it subservient to the best feelings of her heart; but when she turns aside from the true path, and seeks after the applause of the world—wishes for fame and renown—consults her ambition before her love and affection, then it ceases to be a blessing; and it would be better, far better, if she possessed less of the dazzling quality.

Anna often spoke eloquently of woman's powers, and of what they could accomplish. "Nay, I care but little for present love or happiness," she would say, "if I can but win a deathless name. O, could you but know the yearnings, the aspirations for a higher, nobler being which fill my heart. Think you I would be fettered by the dull round of a woman's lot?—that I would relinquish all my dazzling hopes, and long cherished dreams, and merge them all within the will of another? No, I cannot be fettered—free I am, and free I must ever remain. 'No man can serve two masters,' and feeling this true, I must relinquish the one or the other. Therefore, I will walk boldly on in the higher path that leads to fame. I wish to shine in the world, to be one of those to whom the proud and gifted will bow as unto a kindred spirit. I would be sought after and looked up to as one above the common rank of womankind." Deeds of glory, fame, and renown, had filled her soul, till she had become dissatisfied with every thing around her—the present was but a clog; she reveled in the future. The heroes and heroines of her imagination were those, who, soaring above the common things of life, sacrificed all on the great altar of ambition. Truly she was alone; she had but little relish for society; her thoughts were not shared by those around her, and she sought companions only in her books and pen.

Anna became a successful authoress, and her talents were applauded by the world. She had desired praise, and wished for fame, and the great wish of her heart was gratified. But was her heart at rest? Could it be? Ah no! ambition's meed could not satisfy a soul like hers. There was too much woman there. And had one watched her closely, he might have detected a yearning which even fame could not satisfy. Still she endeavored to rise above it, calling it woman's weakness, and, glorying in her own strength, sought to gratify her ambition even at the expense of her happiness. She wrote from a full and overflowing heart, ay, a heart wherein dwelt

a fountain of love, though unacknowledged by herself; and it gave force and power to her pen. True, her writings were not characterized by that high moral and hopeful tone which does most good in society; but there was an ease, a depth of feeling, and charm about them which rendered them everywhere welcome, where the pages of romance were wont to go.

George Standish, an artist, and a perfect enthusiast in his art, while visiting some of the most picturesque parts of our country, tarried for some time at our village, for the purpose of sketching the scenery of the neighborhood, which was celebrated for its beauty. Anna was pleased with him; for he was as proud and ambitious as herself, and as ardently sought after fame. Their congeniality of sentiment naturally drew them much together. Standish unfolded to her the stores of his mind, the rich and varied powers of his imagination; he repeated to her his observations and ideas, which were striking and original, and listened to her answers with a deference and interest which silently awakened an interest in her heart. The delight with which her powerful imagination had collected the brilliant images of poetry, and the pleasure with which her intellect had unclosed to the perceptions of philosophy and truth had, of necessity, been confined to her own bosom. Her gratification, therefore, may be imagined, when, in the fine taste and accomplished mind of Standish, she found what she had long sought, sympathy in all her pleasures, and the power to guide and assist her faculties in their efforts. Each day found them more and more united; they read together, and discussed the merits of various authors, criticised and admired them. They were associated, too, in the evening walk—in "twilight shades, and moonlight hours"—in scenes where "music breathes its balm," and the same tone of feeling was awakened in either heart; for they both trod the same high intellectual path.

When I jestingly reminded Anna of her disbelief in the power of the affections, "My imagination," said she, "is interested in the artist; there is a richness, an eloquence, and a depth of thought in his conversation that pleases me. Yet do not suppose that my heart is in any danger, that is too entirely devoted to my idol, to have room in it for the cares and doubts of *la grande passion*. But," said she, "if I could ever yield my soul to the spell of the passion, Standish would be the one to call it forth; for he can and does interest my feelings. And yet there is something in the familiarity of wedded life, the constant association, the descending from the high and sublime flights of fancy and thought, to the common walks of life, that I dread. I fear it will break the illusion—that the beautiful garb in which I have clothed the ideal, will slowly fade away—that after the romance of wedded life had passed away, he would be but a mere man, with all a man's passions

\* Continued from page 207.



and failings, and I be to him merely his wife, with whom he must live, and not the beautiful being of his glowing dreams, and youth's romance."

O, Anna, if this is your theory, let me tell you it is this that has wrecked the happiness of many a heart. Your thoughts and reasonings are worse than vain. Why do you imagine that in the duties which belong to home, there is something so at variance with all the high and glorious aspirations of the soul? Anna, do not let these wrong ideas take such hold upon your imagination, I will not say your reason. You may invest your beloved with as much romance—as many good qualities as you please, and share with him all his intellectual pursuits. But if at the root and spring of all, a deep love of religion and real usefulness, and active goodness does not prevail, I fear your happiness will rest upon a slight foundation, which the slightest breath of misfortune will overthrow, and leave you to mourn over bright hopes faded and crushed. O, Anna, you need a surer safeguard, even the direction of our Father in heaven, that you sink not—that you chase not phantoms. If you have not the Christian's hope, you are not prepared for life or its vicissitudes; your hopes and expectations rest on unstable things which will be swept away, beautiful though the fabrics may have been. If we would rightly number our days, or estimate our life, and apply our powers to the possession and practice of the highest wisdom, we must give to God our hearts. Then in every situation—in all the varieties of life, we shall be strong in the strength of a glorious hope—we shall do our duty, and leave events with the Father of mercies. He will give to us a life of beauty, and the deep riches of the heart will be revealed, all that is pure and good will be called into action, and all that is of evil tendency restrained and subdued, in a good degree, and a harmonious and lovable character produced.

"I thank you," said Anna, "for your kind advice, and hope you will be near to advise me in time of danger."

But notwithstanding all her fears, a few weeks found the heart of the proud and gifted Anna completely absorbed by the witchery of that passion so mysterious in all its influences. It was as pure as it was deep and strong. For no human heart was more capable of cherishing a more devoted attachment. This shows how little faith is to be placed in the proud boasting of an unengaged heart. Six months after, George Standish and Anna Morton entered upon that relation, the most sacred and beautiful of life. Theirs was a happy and proper union; very suitable was the talented amateur for the accomplished artist. Theirs was a union of heart, and soul, and spirit. Anna found that earth had some joys that were deep and holy.

But lest we should tire the patience of the reader, we will pass over a period of four years. They had

been years of prosperity. Standish and his gifted wife stood high in the world's estimation. We will now look into the chamber where Anna sat watching her sick babe. A burning fever was in its veins. And for many days she had watched its crisis, with hope and fear awfully mingled. It passed; the strength of life was exhausted, and their darling boy, the jewel of their hearts, was hovering between life and death. I will not dwell on the fearful grief of that young mother, as she paced up and down the room, and stretched out her clasped hands to the physician, as though his word could determine the issue. "Alas! there is but little hope," he replied mournfully, "but be calm—be calm, my dear madam." This was the first great grief of Anna's life. She found that earth had some things, too, that were deep and bitter. And she was illy prepared to meet them.

Before the day dawned, the spirit of the child had taken its flight to a better land. The anguish of the mother's spirit was truly appalling; all was darkness—deep darkness. But in the midst of her grief came the "still small voice," Thou hast neglected the first great law of thy being, "to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart;" trampled under foot his commandments, and made unto thyself an earthly idol. Canst thou complain that his hand is heavy upon thee? Anna listened to the voice that had slept within her bosom so long. She communed with her own heart, and a deep calmness came to her spirit. She opened her Bible, and, to her surprise, found it a book for the children of sorrow. She had before admired its poetical beauties, but now affliction had given her a key to unlock its heavenly treasures, and with the humility and simplicity of a child, she turned for aid to him who alone can heal the wounded heart. She received new strength, and energy and peace unknown before descended upon her troubled spirit. Blessed Gospel, that with sweet promises of unfailing strength and peace, doth sustain the sorrowing spirit! what were life without thee, or whither could we turn for comfort amid the troublous waves of this changing state, didst not thou, bright star of Bethlehem, shine on our dreary path? Fervently may our grateful hearts exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

The proud heart of Anna was humbled by this affliction. She keenly, deeply felt the uncertainty of the hopes of life, and a change, a deep change, was wrought in her heart. She sought a purer bliss than the applause of the world. She was a new and a better being, purified in the furnace of affliction. The pages of imaginary woe which had welled forth from the lava fires of her own bosom, appeared as living witnesses against her. "Would," she often exclaimed to herself, "would I could recall what I have written. The same fires may have been kindled in other breasts which so nearly consumed all the nobler, better feelings of my own. I have lived

and toiled in vain. The world, and the praise of the many, has too much engrossed my heart. I have neglected to cultivate the finer feelings of the soul—religion, and those virtues which would have made me a blessing to all around, and sought too much for popularity. But I will not now shrink from duty; the little good I can do to redeem the past shall be done. In meekness and love I will base my efforts, and trust in an overruling Providence for their effect. Her former love of praise had merged into a desire to bestow happiness and good to all. Her duty was well performed, and there was peace and joy on her fair brow. Her countenance bespoke the spirit of a heart at peace with God and man; for she had found the “pearl of great price,” and taken religion for her guide. And it had taught her to look upon all around her with an eye of love, and a heart of charity. Many a sufferer called down blessings on her head, and many a prayer rose to heaven for the protection and safety of her who came like an angel of mercy in their affliction, to throw a light on the gloom which hung over their pathway, and in her own home she became the light, the joy, the spirit of affection.

She wrote again, and she wrote from the experience of her own chastened heart; therefore, it was done with feeling and power—the productions of her pen ever glowed with the warm and sincere offering of a lowly and contrite heart. The mild and steady light of religion shone in all her works, showing her aim to lead the thoughts to Him, the author and finisher of all. O, noble Anna! would there were more like thee, whose aim it is to do good. Were a spirit like thine enshrined in every form, the world would be bright and joyous indeed. Then would we become what the God of heaven designed us to be, true and faithful women, co-workers with man in the great work of reform so much needed at the present day.

#### APPEARANCES.

It is a universal custom among men to judge of their fellow-men by their dress and personal appearance. If a man has on coarse clothes, the inference is immediately drawn that he is poor, or that he is possessed of an ill-adjusted or an uneducated mind. Such rule has a very deleterious and pernicious influence on the heart. We do not wish to be thought poor, even though we are poor, and hence we often resort to means the most dishonest and unjustifiable, to convince others that we are rich. We expend all we have in dress, and thus become truly and virtually hypocrites. We pass in the world for what we are not. And what being in human shape is more despicable than the hypocrite? Not one; and yet how many of us are daily and hourly acting and doing that which we censure and cannot tolerate in others?

#### BACKSLIDING FROM GOD.

BY PHILANDER.

THERE is no being this side of the grave whom we pity more sincerely than the poor backslider, and there is none for whom we would more readily lend our sympathies and prayers, were we assured that we might thus be the means of restoring him to God. The road to perdition is one of very gradual descent, and seldom do any dream in taking the first few downward steps that they are entering upon a course which admits of no retreat. The wanderer from heaven commences in some slight deviation from the path of rectitude which he cannot persuade himself is very wrong. “No,” he assures himself, “it *cannot* be wrong; others have pursued a similar course, and, surely, I may escape, too.” Well for him would it be were his reasoning sustained by truth and experience. Well for him would it be were he not awakened from his revery before ruin had seized upon him, and plunged him into a vortex, from whose depths no human power could rescue him.

We beg the reader's pardon for our vehemence of entreaty, but as we love your own happiness and your own good here and hereafter, we conjure you beware of the first approaches of sin. Avoid the very semblance of evil. Endeavor by the grace of God always to have your heart fixed on heaven. Endeavor to live out of the world so far as its spirit and maxims are concerned, yet never refuse to enter it as the sphere of your duty. Set before others an example of purity and blamelessness, and never bring a reproach upon the cause of the Lord Jesus. Scrupulously observe the holy Sabbath. Never desecrate it by thinking those thoughts, and reading those works, and indulging in those petty frivolities and pleasures which your conscience assures you are not in accordance with the will of the Most High. One wrong step—one trifling indulgence will sometimes work remediless evils. One solitary sin unrepented of will lead to the commission of others that may seal you up for ever under the curse of God. We shall all have enough to regret in the dying hour without knowingly aggravating the Spirit of God, and treasuring up for ourselves wrath against the day of wrath, and invoking most justly the indignation of the Lord upon us. Let us so live here as to die in tranquility, and to rise in the resurrection morn with the smile of our Redeemer upon us, and the assurance that we shall dwell for ever in the paradise of God. Let the Christian whose love is declining, remember these memorable words of the Savior: “Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Repent and do thy first works; or else I will come quickly, and will remove the candlestick out of his place. But if thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee.”



## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

AUGUST, 1848.

## A TRIP FROM HOME.

AN editor, shut up from year to year in his small kingdom of an office—though it is a kingdom—where he has full sway over about ten feet square of the big world he lives in, is apt, like other monarchs, to get a little narrow in his notions, and longs to enlarge himself somewhat by travel. Nor can I see the least reason why he should not do so. Such a course is, certainly, sanctioned by worthy precedents. Ulysses, the Greek King of Ithica, was an old voyageur. There were several of the Roman kings, before the days of the Commonwealth, who used to make journeys; while their illustrious successors, the emperors, spent much of their time in the same serious business. Charlemagne, also, and a number of the German monarchs, particularly Charles the Fifth, who had Spain as well as Germany to look after, were great travelers. In more recent times, crowned heads have had their peregrinations. Bonaparte and Louis Phillippe were greatly experienced both by land and water. Victoria, too, has been to France, to Germany, and to Scotland. Certainly, no more precedents need be quoted. A king may travel. Why not, then, the tyrant of the press, though his sceptre be nothing but a goose-quill?

## THE PREPARATION.

Having heard no objection, I shall take it for granted that he may; and confess that he did; and tell you how and where he did it. But an editor, you know, no less than a king, must not leave his dominions, without putting them into a little order. While easy and careless at home, his different provinces are liable to get into some confusion. The department of newspapers, for example, may need reconnoitering. The bureau of correspondence, too, may require some farewell attention. The several divisions of manuscript papers, from the most welcome to the rejected, will not fail to demand a degree of notice. Then there are the old authors, from Herodotus to Pliny, and the new ones, from Bacon to Charley Dickens, whom it would be a pity to leave in their dirt and darkness, knocking about on shelves and tables, or huddled away into obscure corners. This portion of an editor's subjects, in my way of thinking, of all others, calls for better treatment. To see Plato, and Seneca, and old Tully, and others of their renown, promiscuously thrown together with such characters as Moliere, and Rousseau, and Bolingbroke, and Herbert, and Madam Trollope, is consistent with neither rhyme nor reason. For one, I think it of vital importance to the welfare of the race, that authors, both ancient and modern, should be sorted very much as we should suppose they would sort themselves, if living. And if they were living, I am certain you would not see a big folio of a man walking arm in arm through life with a little dwarf of a duodecimo; or a grave old philosopher, like Theophrastus, or Campanella, riding out with a ruffle-shirted, frisky, dapper little author, such as Chesterfield, or Tommy More, or Ned Bulwer; or such a slave as Æsop, or Terence, one with his crooked back, the other with his crooked genius, affecting to keep company with Shakspeare and Milton. No, honest reader, the world should be better sorted; and an editor should know his business well enough to understand this classification; and when he is about to leave his

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chair of state, if it be only for a season, no pains should be spared to get these his subjects in their proper places. Especially so, if, as it sometimes happens, he would not be willing to assert before a magistrate, that he is sure of coming back again. So felt I, at all events, on the occasion here alluded to, resolved, as I was, that, if a certain grave body of gentlemen—whom I need not mention—did not vote quite strong enough, on a question touching my personal relations, to meet the necessities of the case, I should "abdicate," and if I did find myself "compelled"—in self-respect, of course—to that alternative, I wished to have all parts of my possessions in good condition, the better to impress my successor with the "illustrious steps" he were about to walk in.

## THE OUTFIT.

There is no reason in the world, so far as I can see—and I have studied the subject—why an editor, who opens a score of newspapers every day, and turns up every week an entire summer-fallow of late authors, should, when going on a journey, leave all these things behind, and reduce himself to a low dependence on news-boys and pedlers. No, reader, no. In that huge bundle, which the waiter knows not what to do with, there are dailies, and hebdomedals, and monthlies, and quarterlies enough to last a man all the way to China; and, then, in that worn-out trunk, that looks as if it had been to the moon and back again, and got a good sound thumping among the stars in its upward passage—in that trunk, I say, there are books enough, Greek, German, French, and English, to keep a score of editors from intellectual starvation. Morrell himself, the latest and best historian of modern philosophy, lying there in eminence above his fellows, if well attended to, would not be likely to let the moss grow very thick on the inside of a common man's cranium. Add to all this about four quarts of green pippins, and a heavy sprinkling of yellow oranges, and I have nothing further to boast of as to outfit.

## THE DEPARTURE.

Exactly at the minute, of course; for who ever knew the captain of a western steamboat to disappoint his passengers! Not at all. They know too well their circumstances to be disappointed; and he knows too well his dictionary to deal very largely in pronouns definite, and in adverbs of measured quantity. Still, on this memorable occasion, it did become rather obvious, before supper-time, that some chronometers, if well-regulated, mark a difference between nine o'clock in the morning "precisely," and the same day at sunset. However, as the great god of day had just completed his journey, and, worn and wearied, was just unbuckling his horses at the edge of the big western forest, we found ourselves afloat, with the prow of the steamer Cambria picking its way up the river.

## THE PASSAGE.

Here we are, then, good reader, on the quiet bosom of "*La Belle Riviere*," the most beautiful of our western waters. What is there, on either side of you, but green banks of turf, sometimes lightly timbered, at others covered with only a soft velvet carpet, with here and there a farm-house and orchard of surpassing loveliness, or a noble plantation stretching away and away into the blue distance, or a smart, thriving, healthy little town, or a village of these little towns, looking as if a single serene night had grown them. If any thing more than these, with a wide and wavy ribbon of clear water, winding along in its beauty, like the pearl-clasped

fillet, or head-band, over the arched brows, and around the curled head of a modern damsel, you have much better eye-sight, reader, than ever I had. Here we go, I say, puff, puff, rush-a-washy, rush-a-washy—puff, puff, rush-a-washy, rush-a-washy—for more than two days and two nights together. What is there, in all this, that needs description? But, then, the company of more than thirty Christian ministers—some with their gray locks curling over a world of learning—others, of great heart and soul, from the big woods, where the sun untied his chariot—many, with less years, and with less honors, it may be, won in the great war of righteousness against irreligion—but all as true and genuine a troop as ever drew the sharp sword of old St. Peter—these, I repeat, are worthy of description, were there a painter or a poet on board to draw the pencil.

No one, certainly, can mistake that huge, massive head, that towers up like the summit of Cotopaxi, and is as well-ribbed with granite. His learning, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, is proverbial; and his heart is as big, and as warm, and as active, as a rolling-mill full of forges. The ideas of his mind, like the words of his mouth, come out of him like great, rough, hot pigs of half-melted iron, making every body scamper from the fat lumps of fire jumping out of them. This, of course, is my old friend, Dr. Elliott.

Then, there, in the midst of that thick circle of happy, laughing, or tear-shedding group, sits a veteran man, whose iron frame, and knotty head, and darkly curling locks, and speaking face, but slightly trembling voice, tell you plainly enough, that their owner has seen his years when he could preach thrice a day, and tree a bear at night without feeling it, but is now mellowing down to that period of his life, when the soul and body both recline a little on the deeds of other times. The life of the company, as he is, he is sought after by every man on board. When he takes a short sleep, or goes to rest at night, every body feels as if half the boat's load had gone ashore. Never, since the world was made, was there a more sociable, amusing, and interesting traveling companion, than the subject of this meagre picture—Peter Cartwright.

Nor will any one, it seems to me, need be told the second time, what grave, sedate, venerable, clear-headed man that is, who sits there, not alone, nor yet in the thickest part of the company, with a book or a newspaper in his hand. His features will make their own impression on the observer's mind. Nothing can be more certain, to a close observer, than the strong intellect, sound sense, clear vision, and warm full heart of that tall, thoughtful, good-natured man. It is Peter Akers, I am sure; and if any one thinks otherwise, let him look again.

But, reader, do you see that taller, and older, and serener, and yet gayer man than all the rest, sitting there in an angle of the room, leaning on his long light staff? His head is as white as wool. His eyes are bright, and clear, and mild. His face is—O, how clean! and his big heart, beating with a deep love to both God and man, keeps it always in a glow. Past his fourscore years, no man on board has better sight, better appetite, a younger spirit, or a blander, warmer smile. In early life a rich slaveholder, but long since the father of freedom to every slave he had, and now nearly poor for having made so many rich, he wears, as his well-earned crown, the honor, the veneration, and the esteem of all. Father Mitchell, reader, the father of our late able and

accomplished junior book agent, more nearly fills out my ideal of father Abraham, than any other man I have ever seen.

Here we go, then, with all this company on board, winding along up the channel of the ever-lessening river, till, having met with our disasters, and delays, and dangers, by sand, and bar, and rock-bedded stream, we are at last safely landed on the Monongahela side of Pittsburg—the smokiest, and darkest, and dirtiest of towns.

#### THE GREAT COUNCIL.

This, of course, is the General conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which began its sessions almost immediately after our arrival. At a little past nine o'clock, on Monday morning, the first of May, I entered into the presence of this really venerable and illustrious body. It will be impossible even to sketch my emotions on the occasion. In a moment I felt impressed with the fearful responsibility of those fathers and brethren. A prayer went up from my heart to heaven, that God would give them a portion of his own wisdom, and direct them in all their doings. It seemed to me, also, that every body else was engaged in the same way, calling down blessings on the Lord's earthly representatives. Looking forward to the bench of bishops, and around upon the many venerable countenances about me, I felt at once an assurance, that all was safe under the guardian watch-care of such keepers. "Pure, then peaceable," seemed to be pictured upon all their faces.

#### THE BENCH OF BISHOPS.

It is a most interesting group of men, that band of superintendents, who sit there to preside over their brethren, and to lend their experience as occasion may demand of them. There, in the centre, is Elijah Hedding, to whose pure and spotless character, sound common sense, practical wisdom, deep piety, universal charity, and childlike simplicity of manner, no words can give the proper shape and color. On his right is Beverly Waugh, a man of serene and quiet aspect, whose integrity, prudence, love of peace and truth, and perfect willingness to enjoy or suffer in his Master's service, can be read, as in a book, from his expressive features. Still farther to his right sits Thomas A. Morris, in whom you see, especially if you know him privately, an uncommon soundness of mind, clearness of intellect, modesty of disposition, meekness of temper, and charitableness of spirit, but whose unassuming self-reliance, softened and yet supported by genuine self-abasement, united to a quiet consciousness of right intentions, has been mistaken, by an esteemed and gifted cotemporary, for less attractive qualities. They, however, who have deemed him any thing less than the most social, cheerful, good-natured of our bishops, have no right to say they know him. He always speaks because he has something to say; and, whether you hear him preach, or tell an anecdote—and few men, in my judgment, can excel him either in the pulpit or in the domestic circle—you will hear that which you may recollect with profit. On the left, and nearest to the great senior, is seated Leonidas L. Hamline, a younger man than either of those named before, but whose fervent piety, brilliant intellect, extraordinary preaching talents, and unparalleled sweetness and suavity of manner, render him a favorite. His eye seems, like his thoughts, introverted, his head being always in close communion with his heart. To esteem him is to know



him. Next and last on the left is Edmund S. Janes, the youngest man of all, though among young men he seems quite paternal. He is, evidently, a man of business, and is the secretary of the bench of bishops. He seldom speaks, not even in his general intercourse, unless spoken to, or he has some business with you. It has been often said, indeed, that he is a little too unfamiliar, but I think he is so, if at all, chiefly from his business habits, and not from any want of social feeling. He was so long the Financial Secretary of the American Bible Society, after my first acquaintance with him, that I always now associate him, in imagination, with that institution, and can scarcely look upon him without thinking of the Scriptures. He is, in my fancy, a sort of walking Bible, "without note, or comment;" and, certainly, no man ever needed notes and comments less, to make his many virtues intelligible. He is an able, a pure, a true man, a first-rate bishop, and one of the most eloquent of preachers.

## DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

First and foremost on the list, for the sake of etiquette, if for no other reason, I must place the Rev. Dr. Dixon, representative of the British Wesleyan connection to their brethren in the United States. His age, his experience, his position at home, his message to us and ours, mark him out as a leading man. A solid and venerable looking head, a clean old English face, a sweet, but penetrating blue eye, and a most agreeable group of personal traits, among which British self-dependence tempered by cheerful piety and good sense is chief, would render him conspicuous in a crowd. He is a good speaker, though not an orator, and makes a lasting rather than a sudden impression on his hearers. It is amusing to sit and watch him during the delivery of one of his earnest speeches. You can see, almost, the thought getting birth, his intellect moves so slowly. Then the heart comes up and covers it all over with a thick crust of sugar. At last the idea comes downward to the mouth, and there it lies rolling over and over between the old man's smacking rich lips, as if it were a piece of manna, or a choice sweet-meat. Then out it comes, sugar, manna, sweet-meat as it is, setting your own lips to smacking just as his do. So it goes through a whole speech, or sermon, the audience presenting, all the while, the spectacle of an eating multitude, only their virtuals is invisible.

Among the brethren from Canada, the Rev. Dr. Richey is pre-eminent, whose pure character, honest purpose, kind spirit, and respectable talents, are plain enough on his expressive, rather beautiful, old-country features. He is supported, right and left, by Ryerson and Green, two reverend gentlemen worthy of such good company.

Yonder, in the right hand gallery, sits the aged, the venerable, the afflicted Joshua Soule, in greater feebleness of health than usual, looking down with intense interest on the proceedings of the day. As I look upon him, the tear starts in my eye; for I cannot help reflecting upon other years.

Of the remaining visiting brethren from the south, the Rev. Mr. Early, Rev. Dr. Parsons, and Rev. Dr. Lee, are the only persons I have recognized in the conference-room. These are quite punctual in their attendance, watching every thing, like so many lynxes, as the business moves along. Having but a slight personal acquaintance with either of these gentlemen, I can only say, that their deportment here has been in every way

becoming, so far as I have had opportunity or occasion to observe. They are, evidently, especially the two latter, men of talents, holding strong positions among their brethren at home.

## A HUNT FOR MY ACQUAINTANCES.

When first taking my seat in the conference-room, it was my intention to take many notes of character, for private and future use, but not for the public eye at present. Much of this task was afterward really accomplished; but I have no room for general characteristic sketches now, though scores of members, old and young, are fully worthy of them. The first thing, after the first adjournment, was to look after my old acquaintances, not a few of whom were present, and whose faces I had gone there, almost as my only business, to look upon. Perhaps, indeed, if the reader will indulge me with a personal remark or two, I can say what few visitors could on that occasion. In that august body, for example, was he who preached the first Methodist sermon I ever listened to. There was the minister, in whose charge I was converted from rank infidelity to religion. There was the man, too, who poured on my head the water of baptism, and received me into communion with God's people. There was the faithful watchman, who gave me my first license to preach the doctrines of truth and righteousness. There was the brother, now somewhat past his prime, who, during a great part of my academic course of study, preached to me the word of the everlasting Gospel. There was another, not an older man, who was my sole pastor during my brief career at college. There was the servant of God, who, at the flower-wreathed altar, joined my youthful hand to another's, and told me how lawful it was for me to hold it. There were the two reverend fathers in the Lord, from whose hands I received the parchments, which admitted me to the two orders in the ministry. There were the brethren, who, in other years, mingled their tears with mine at the burial of my children. There, also, were many old companions, that, in the days of my own pilgrimage as an itinerant, gave me their love and sympathy. There, finally, was a numerous band of old friends, some old class-mates at school and college, others fellow-teachers in different places, and here and there a stray pupil, whose names and memories were dear to me. Never, since I saw the light, have I had such a meeting as there greeted me. Certainly, I needed no letters of introduction. One thing, however, I did need, and which I struggled hard, for a whole day, to get into my possession. That was, a clue to the respective stopping-places of my friends, who seemed to be scattered over about half of the big creation. Getting, as soon as possible, a list of names and places, I began the search in laborious earnest; but never was a poor wight so sadly puzzled. Calling on Mr. A., who had the name of my old friend B. attached to his, in the confidential relation of host and guest, I was told by Mr. A. that he knew nothing of Mr. B., except that he, Mr. A., paid for somebody's board and lodging somewhere, but he could not tell exactly where. Half a dozen such failures, and other but similar encounters, brought me to my senses, or rather took all the sense I had away from me; and then my only alternative seemed to be, to make the list before-named a regular study, and try to master the principle on which it was manufactured. For several days I worked at it heroically; but my heroism at last failed. The law of fluxions, or the composition and resolution of forces, as laid

down in the Cambridge course of mathematics, were a much easier business. However, encountering a very short, active, healthy friend, one day, who boarded very near the conference-room, and being shown his lodgings, a new thought impressed me. Next day finding a lame brother, limping along on his cane, going to his apartments on a neighboring hillside, the new idea was revived again. Meeting, soon after, with an old and feeble man, who invited me to see him on the other side of the river, it was greatly confirmed and strengthened. Not long after, coming in contact with a very tall man, who took his supper and breakfast in the up-river town of Birmingham, I at once saw the entire mystery. The whole was arranged, evidently, on a principle of profound convenience. The short, stout, healthy man, stopping near the church, could live with but little exercise, and so was permitted to take none. The lame man would limber his joints considerably by a ramble or two daily up the mountain. The aged man, certainly, would lose his spirits, if compelled to forego, for four long weeks, all benefit of airing. But as to the tall man, I could see no convenience for him, unless it was one derived from his very length, which, I confess, is needlessly excessive. He could, it is true, lie down, at any time, in the direction of his residence, and, by drawing himself up a time or two, be there. That was all the comfort I could find for him.

But the reader must not suppose, that I mention these specimens of the latest philosophy in any complaining spirit. No one, certainly, is to be blamed for a system which came together so fittingly, and doubtless so accidentally; and, for one, I thought there was great depth of logic in it. The committee having the charge of these things, as I am bound in all seriousness to add, did the very best they could, no doubt; and will, I am confident, on looking back upon the practical workings of their scheme, enjoy the fun of it with a magnanimous relish and a good-natured laugh.

Having, however, a greater amount of curious things to record, in connection with this memorable trip, than can be crowded into one communication, I take the liberty, with the consent of my readers, here to lay down my pen, or, rather, to employ it, for the present, on other topics.

BOSSUET AND MADAME GUYON.

THE following characteristic dialogue between Bossuet, the great French bishop, and Madame Guyon, the most Christian woman of her age, if not of any age, will convey more than one good lesson to the attentive reader's mind. The closing remark of Madame G. should attract the particular notice of my female readers:

"BOSSUET. I am glad to find, madame, that you entertain such views of Christian perfection as are consistent with lowliness of spirit. The Savior himself says, '*He that is least among you all, the same shall be great.*' And the apostle to the Gentiles, eminent as he was in sanctity, describes himself as the '*least of the apostles.*' I believe it is true, that eminently holy persons feel their dependence and nothingness more entirely than others.

"But is it a mark, madame, of Christian lowliness to disregard the principles and practices which have been sanctioned by the wisdom and piety of many ages? In your Short Method of Prayer, there are some expressions which seem to imply, that the austerities and mortifications which are practiced in the Catholic Church are not necessary.

"MADAME GUYON. I admit that my views and practices differ in this particular from those of some other persons. I cannot say that I do now, with the views which I at present have of the power and the applications of faith, attach that importance to austerities and practices of physical mortification, which I once did. My view now is this. Physical sufferings and mortifications, which tend to bring the appetites into subjection, and to restore us in that respect to harmony with God, are of great value; they are a part of God's discipline, which he has wisely instituted and rendered operative in the present life: but then they should not be self-sought or self-inflicted; but should be received and submitted to, as they come in the course of God's providence. In other words, crosses are good; our rebellious nature needs them; not those, however, which are of merely human origin, but those which God himself makes and imposes.

"Bossuet. I am doubtful, whether your views on this subject ought to be considered satisfactory. But we will leave them for the present, to be further examined, perhaps, at some future time.

"I might ask again, Is it consistent with Christian humility, with true lowliness of spirit, to lay down the principle, as I find you have done in the work entitled *The Torrents*, that souls in the highest religious state may approach the sacramental communion, and may partake of the sacred element which is offered in it, without special preparation?

"Madame Guyon. I am entirely confident, sir, that the highest religious experience is not opposed, and cannot by any possibility be opposed to the truest humility. I say further, that I fully appreciate the great importance of a careful and thorough preparation for the occasion of the holy eucharist. But still it does seem to me, that a soul, wholly devoted to God, and living in the divine presence, moment by moment, if it should be so situated as not to enjoy the ordinary season of preparatory retirement and recollection, would still be in a state to partake of the sacramental element, and would be accepted in it. I am aware that it is difficult for those who are not in this religious state, to conceive of what I now say; but their inability of perception does not alter the fact, if the fact be such as I suppose it to be.

"Bossuet. If you design, madame, to limit the remark made in *The Torrents*, to some extreme case of this kind, it will be regarded, I suppose, as less objectionable than it would otherwise be. I have no other desire or object than that of ascertaining what is true. I repeat, that I do not object to the doctrine of Christian perfection, or of pure love, or whatever other name may be given to it, when considered in its general form; but I cannot deny, that I have serious objections to particular views and particular forms of expression which I sometimes find connected with it. I find, from time to time, in your works, modes of expression which strike me as peculiar. Without delaying, therefore, on the general features of the doctrine, I will take the liberty to direct your attention to a number of things which characterize it, in part, as it appears in your writings. I will illustrate what I mean. I find, in expression at least, what strikes me as very peculiar, that you make God *identical with events*. You say, in nearly so many words, particularly in the work entitled *The Torrents*, that to the sanctified soul every thing which exists, with the exception of sin, is God.

"Madame Guyon. In reply to this remark, it seems



to me proper to observe, in the first place, that the doctrines of sanctification are sometimes erroneously or imperfectly represented in consequence of the imperfection of language. As they are the doctrines of a life which is almost unknown to the world, it is but natural that they should have no adequate terms and phrases; so that we readily admit, that we express ourselves awkwardly and with difficulty. Is it unreasonable, under these circumstances, to ask the favor of a candid and charitable interpretation?

"Bossuet. I admit, madame, the existence of the difficulty to which you refer, and think it should be considered.

"Madame Guyon. With this concession on your part, I proceed to admit, on mine, that the assertion, taken just as it stands, namely, *that every event is God*, is not true; even when made with the exception of those things which are sinful. But I still affirm, that the expression has a definite and important meaning to the truly sanctified soul. Such a soul, in a manner and degree which ordinary Christians do not well understand, recognizes the fact, that God sustains a definite relation to every thing which takes place. God is in events; and, if he is the centre and controller of the universe, he cannot be out of them. The sanctified soul not only speculatively recognizes the relation of God to events, but feels it; that is to say, it is brought into a practical and realized communion with God through them. You will find this form of expression in the writings of Catharine of Genoa. She says, that every thing which took place, was God to her; because she found, in a sense which the world did not and could not understand, that God was in every thing.

"Bossuet. I notice, also, as another illustration of the objectionable parts of your writings to which I have just now referred, that you sometimes speak in them, as if the will of God, as well as outward events, were identical with God himself. I think, madame, you will perceive, on reflection, that such statements, whatever may be said in defense of them, are likely to be misunderstood, and that, in point of fact, they are not strictly true. I illustrate my meaning thus. We always use the term MAN as including the *whole* of man, and of course as including something more than the mere will of man. In like manner we use the term God as expressive of the whole of God, his intellect and affections, as well as his will. So that to speak of the will of God, which is but a part, as identical with God, which is the whole, is necessarily erroneous.

"Madame Guyon. I have no disposition, as I should not have good grounds to do it, to object to the correctness of your remark. But I ought to say perhaps, and naturally supposed, that I should be understood in that manner, that, in speaking of the will of God as identical with God himself, I used the terms in a mitigated or approximated, and not in a strict or absolute sense. But, while I make this concession, I am still inclined to say, in this case as in the other, that practically and religiously we may accept the will of God as God himself not only without injury, but with some practical benefits.

"Certain it is, that God is manifested in his will in a peculiar sense. We can more easily make a distinction between God and his power, and between God and his wisdom, than we can between God and his *will*. The will or purpose of God, in a given case, necessarily includes something more than the mere act of willing: it includes all that God can think in the case, and

all that God can feel in the case. And I must confess, that the will of God, whenever and wherever made known, brings out to my mind more distinctly and fully the idea, and presence, and fullness of God, than any thing else. This is so much the case, that, whenever I meet with the will of God, I feel that I meet with God; whenever I respect and love the will of God, I feel that I respect and love God; whenever I unite with the will of God, I feel that I unite with God. So that practically and religiously, although I am aware that a difference can be made philosophically, God and the will of God are to me the same. He who is in perfect harmony with the *will* of God, is as much in harmony with God himself, as it is possible for any being to be. The very name of God's will fills me with joy.

"Bossuet. I notice that the terms and phrases which you employ, sometimes differ from those with which I frequently meet in theological writings. And perhaps the reason, which you have already suggested, explains it in part. But still, I repeat, they are liable to be misunderstood and to lead into error; and hence it is necessary to ascertain precisely what is meant. You sometimes describe what you consider the highest state of religious experience as a state of *passivity*; and at other times, I believe, speak of it as *passively active*. I confess, madame, that I am afraid of expressions which I do not fully understand, and which have the appearance at least of being somewhat at variance with man's moral agency and accountability.

"Madame Guyon. I am not surprised, sir, at your reference to these expressions; and still I hardly know what other expressions to employ in the cases where they are particularly applicable. I will endeavor to explain. In the early periods of man's religious experience, he is in what may be called a *mixed life*; sometimes acting from God, but more frequently, until he has made considerable advancement, acting from himself. His inward movement, until it becomes corrected by divine grace, is self-originated, and is characterized by that perversion which belongs to every thing coming from that source. But when the soul, in the possession of pure or perfect love, is fully converted, and every thing in it is subordinated to God, then its state is always either passive, or passively active.

"But I am willing to concede, which will perhaps meet your objection, that there are some reasons for preferring the term *passively active*; because the sanctified soul, although it no longer has a will of its own, is never strictly inert. Under all circumstances and in all cases, there is really a distinct act on the part of the soul, namely, an *act of co-operation with God*; although, in some cases, it is a simple co-operation with what *now is*, and constitutes the religious state of submissive acquiescence and patience; while in others it is a co-operation with reference to what *is to be*, and implies future results, and consequently is a state of movement and performance.

"Bossuet. I think, madame, I understand you. There is a distinction, undoubtedly, in the two classes of cases, which you have just mentioned; but as the term *passively active* will apply to both of them, I think it is to be preferred. You use this complex term, I suppose, because there are two distinct acts or operations to be expressed, namely, the act of preparatory or *prevenient* grace on the part of God, and the co-operative act on the part of the creature; the soul being passive, or merely perceptive, in the former; and active,

although always in accordance with the divine leading, in the other.

"*Madame Guyon.* That is what I mean, sir; and I feel obliged to you for the explanation.

"*Bossuet.* Is your doctrine, then, in this particular, much different from that of antecedent or prevenient grace, which we generally find laid down in theological writers, and which implies, in its application, that there is no truly good act on the part of the soul, except it be in co-operation with God?

"*Madame Guyon.* I do not know, that the difference is great; perhaps there is none at all. I am willing to acknowledge that I am not much acquainted with theological writers.

"*Bossuet.* Would it not be desirable, madame, that those who exercise the function of public teachers, should have such an acquaintance? As women are not in a situation to go through with a course of theological education, it has sometimes seemed to me, that it would be well for them to dispense with public missions, till they are in a situation to avail themselves of a higher intellectual culture.

"*Madame Guyon.* I do not doubt, sir, that your remark is well meant. The want of such qualifications as those to which you refer, has frequently been with me a subject of serious consideration, and of some perplexity. Nevertheless, I sincerely believe, that it is God who has given me a message, in a humble and proper way, to my fellow-beings; but I am aware of its imperfect utterance. But, in his great wisdom, he sometimes makes use of feeble instruments. And I have thought, as he condescended, on one occasion at least, to employ a dumb animal to utter his truth, he might sometimes make use of a woman for the same purpose."

#### HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

A SWISS journal furnishes us with the following romantic tale of real life: "A married couple, who had for years lived in a state of anti-conjugal harmony, determined to part, and made an appointment with each other to meet at a notary's to sign the deed of separation. To arrive at the office of the man of law they had to cross a lake, and as it happened, they both embarked in the same boat. On their passage a storm arose, and the boat was upset. The husband being a good swimmer, soon reached the shore in safety. On looking around him to see the fate of his fellow-passengers, he distinguished his wife still struggling for her life, but in imminent danger. A feeling of his early affection returned to him, and plunging again into the water, he swam to her, and succeeded in rescuing her. When she recovered her senses, and learnt to whom she owed her life, she threw herself into his arms; he embraced her with equal cordiality; and they vowed an oblivion of all their differences, and that they would live and die together."

#### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE recent French Revolution, which has spread such enthusiasm throughout the world, is less to be relied on, as it is the work, chiefly, of that class of reformers known under the cognomen of Socialists. Lamartine has been a long time oscillating between Socialism and republicanism; while Louis Blanc, and other leaders, known to all the world, are chiefs in the Social ranks.

#### NOTICES.

SIXTH ANNUAL CATALOGUE of the Officers and Students of the Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the Session 1847-8.—This is one of the neatest pamphlets ever published; and it is a fair specimen of the institution represented by it. The Wesleyan Female College, of Cincinnati, has no superior on this continent; and, as this continent intends to be and is in no way behind any other in the matter of education, we may safely say, that this institution can scarcely be excelled, if paralleled, in the world. Nor are we alone in this opinion. The public share it with us. The students, registered on this Catalogue, amount to the enormous sum total of 422; and they are from nearly half the states in the Union. Even Louisiana and Texas are represented. California and Oregon will come next; and then, if Whitney's railroad succeeds, Hindostan and China! We have not space to say the half of what might be said. We think, however, the trustees and the able and laborious agent, supported by a discriminating public, are worthy of all praise for their wise and efficient operations. If there is a fault anywhere—and it may seem temerity in us to name such a thing—it is that the principal has more duties to perform than any man could do with success or satisfaction. He should be released, it seems to us, from serving tables, and doing little errands, and the transaction of trivial business. He could spend his time more profitably, we think, in purely literary labors, in preparing and delivering suitable lectures, moral, religious, and scientific, to his pupils, and in going abroad into the community, and making a bold impression as a man of profound knowledge, ready powers, refined taste, and other popular and sterling qualifications. A few strokes of this kind, well-timed and well-made, give a high tone to a literary institution. They are expected, also, of the president of a college, it being the common custom. To bind him, therefore, hand and foot, as Mr. Wilber is bound, keeping him from large study, from all high and noble meditation, from pulpit labors, from all the great means of doing a great work, as the first officer of a great institution, is, in our judgment, not the best policy. The public wish to see our presidents, and hear them, and thus learn, in a public way, to honor and admire them.

LOITERINGS IN EUROPE; or, *Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Great Britain, and Ireland. With an Appendix, containing Observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions.* By John W. Corson, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.—These Loiterings appeared originally under the head of Foreign Correspondence in the Christian Advocate and Journal, New York, at least part of them, and were read with universal interest. Dr. Corson visited Europe on professional business merely; but having been strongly solicited by some of his friends occasionally to take notes of his tour, he complied, and hence the present volume. His style is free, and rather trifling, but withal so good-natured, that one even with the blues must feel pleased in perusing the Doctor's letters. He deals, now and then, in personal incidents, which, though somewhat trivial, are nevertheless relished with most excellent gusto.

WE have a large amount of new works waiting for notice; but authors and publishers will have patience. We will soon give them all a place.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR readers will remember, that, for several months past, we have thrown out remarks respecting the unparalleled movements going forward on the continent of Europe; and we refer to the same subject now, in order to give the only valid exposition we can make, respecting the partial failure of our European correspondents. It would be, perhaps, a sufficient reason why they have not continued to write us, that all Europe has been in the midst of a general revolution, no man or woman knowing what might be the result of it for the next three days. The following extract of a letter, addressed to a friend of ours in this city, will give some idea of the excitement prevailing in the old world:

*"Frankfort-on-the-Main, May, 1848.*

"Long live new-born Germany! Monarchy is shaken in its foundation, and the regents have now only a nominal sway. All the thrones in Germany have been pulled to pieces as ropes of sand, and kings have cowered back, and conceded all the demands of the people. This present revolution is a mighty one. It has extended through all grades of society, subduing every obstacle before it. All fear has disappeared in Germany, and every German has been aroused as if by magic. Public mass meetings, that had been heretofore so rigidly forbidden by the rulers, are now held without let or hinderance in every city, town, and village, and the people speak of their rights in a most fearless and bold manner. In vain will you look in history for another such a general rising of the people. Parts where it was least expected, the revolution is foremost. Prince Metternich, who has governed Europe for thirty-four years with despotic sway, has been deposed—his palaces burnt; and he himself has fled to England."

Notwithstanding the general confusion, we have received a communication from one of our German correspondents, on the "Position and Influence of Woman," which will appear in the next issue. It was accompanied by the following note, which we give as a specimen of the feelings of the royal party in Germany, and also to justify our apology for the want of punctuality in our other European correspondents:

*"Stuttgart, March 3, 1848.*

"DEAR SIR,—You will think it ungrateful, on our part, that we waited so long to thank you for the great and valuable gift you made us, in sending us the Ladies' Repository, as well as to answer the confidence you placed in us, in offering us to contribute something to your magazine.

"We have tried to compose something, and submit it to your judgment, whether you find it suited for the purpose or not. We beg you, if the former is the case, to have the goodness to correct the faults you will find in it, and to let it be printed without our name.

"Notwithstanding the illness of a dear friend, we should feel very happy in the possession of so many gifts, which God has bestowed on us, in our country, were we not now frightened by the revolution in France. Though the fermentation in that country was well to be perceived, yet the revolt has broken out so quickly, and assumed such a dangerous character, that every real German is *alarmed and roused in his inmost feelings*.

"We see with affliction the spectacle of a nation, which, though it has once already seen the horrors of a revolution, does not *reluct* to enter on the same way, and has not learned, by her own history, that freedom is never to be obtained by such measures.

"Yet the last news from Paris gives us the hope that the people will avoid extremities; and we should feel very grateful toward God, if the precious gift of peace could still be preserved to us."

While presenting extracts from letters, we will give another from an American correspondent, a new contributor to this magazine, who writes as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Some two months since, at the request of some of your patrons in this place, I sent you a short article for publication; but as two numbers have since been issued, I take it for granted that you have deemed it unworthy of a place, or at least that in your estimation you can fill your pages with better and more interesting matter; and it is doubtless your duty to fill your pages with the best matter at your command. Will you be so kind as to write on the margin of the manuscript, or on a separate slip of paper, the reasons why you deem it unworthy a place in your 'fair journal,' and remail it to me?"

Now, in all respectfulness to our worthy young friend, for whose spirit we have the utmost esteem, we are called upon to make our defense, not entirely on his account, but for the sake of others, who, no doubt, have experienced similar impatience under the same circumstances. Be it known, therefore, that, in general, it is impossible for any person's communication to appear in two months after it is written. We print more than *one* month, and make up each number *two* months, in advance of the day of publication. Sometimes, as when the Editor is called from home, to visit a conference, or for any other purpose, a number is made up even *three* months before the public sees it. Now, if an article comes at such a juncture, it will necessarily be *four* months before it can possibly be printed. But, more than this, every correspondent should remember, that, even then, there may be a score of other persons, whose communications were sent in before his, and which, therefore, take precedence. There are many other reasons, which, the best that can be done, will delay articles a long time beyond the period fixed on by their authors. We have now several, which came to us more than one year ago, which have been all that time on file for publication. Therefore, let no one despair, if he does not come out just as soon as he may have expected. There is and must be a time for all things; and nineteen out of twenty of our correspondents appear to think so. They send us their contributions, and never after inquire for them. We could tell a story of our own on this subject. We once sent a communication, with many a flutter at the heart, to a leading literary magazine, expecting, of course, to see it in the very next issue. But it did not come, nor has it appeared yet; but we shall wait fifteen years longer before getting out of patience; and when it does come, we shall hail it as an old settler. If it never comes, however, we shall be very thankful, as we have lived long enough to learn, that it was not worth printing. It had length enough, certainly, to make up for many deficiencies; for, we think, it would have nearly filled one entire number of the work to which we sent it.

We have recently had a little editorial correspondence with the great English poet, Martin Farquar Tupper, who, in answer to our request, will contribute a poem occasionally to our pages. The reader may expect to find one, from his gifted pen, in our next number. Other pens, equally gifted, are engaged for this and the coming volume.



### MEMORY.

BY M. B. HAGANS.

O, GIVE me back those joyous hours,  
When hope's bewitching dreams  
Brought images of happy bowers,  
Along romantic streams;

And bade me look to future years,  
All redolent of bliss;  
Or saw no clouds, no sighs, nor tears,  
To dim a life like this.

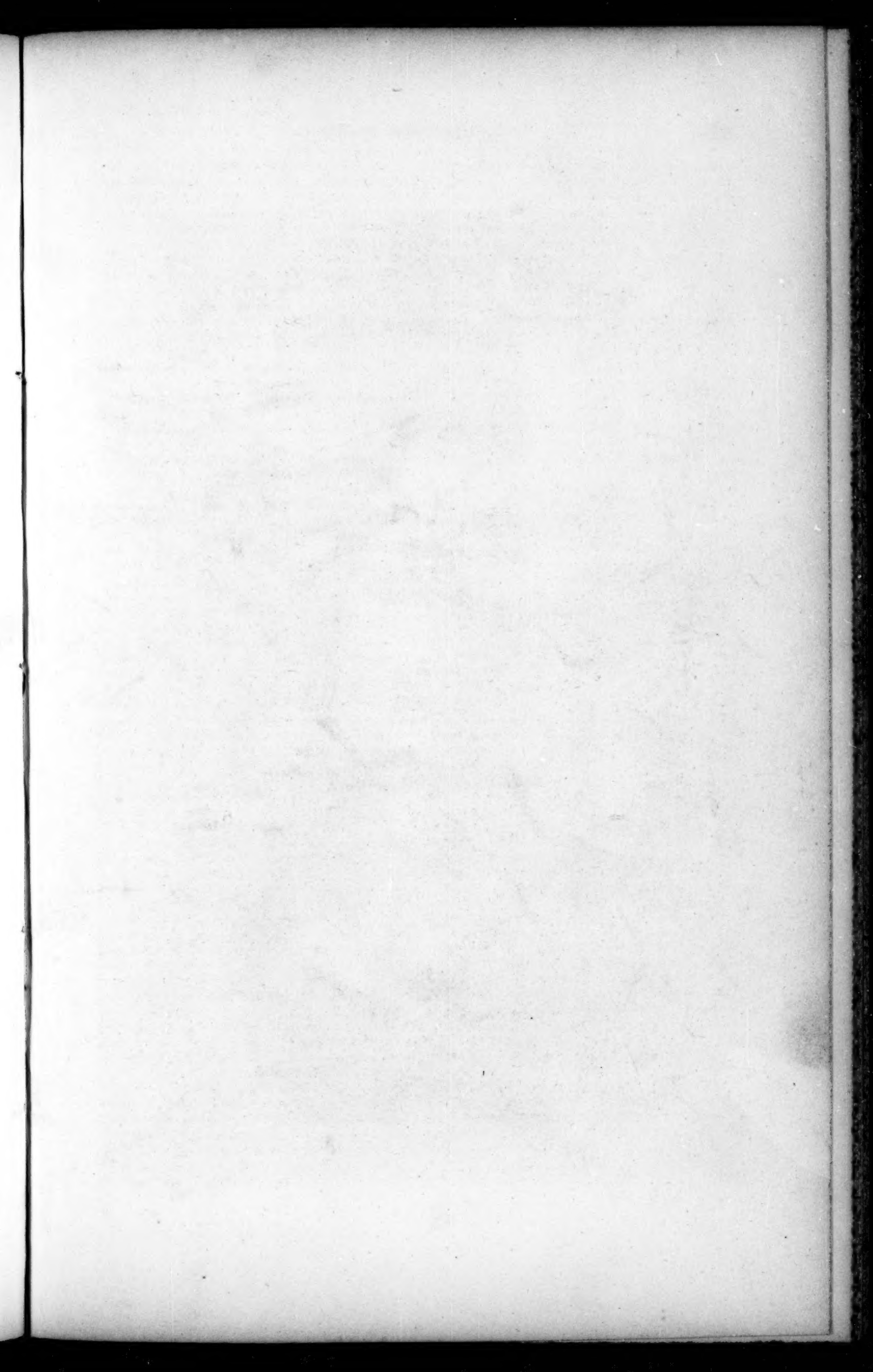
O, memory! in my present woe,  
Why bring those cloudless days?  
With joys like these, why taunt me so,  
Amid the cold world's maze?

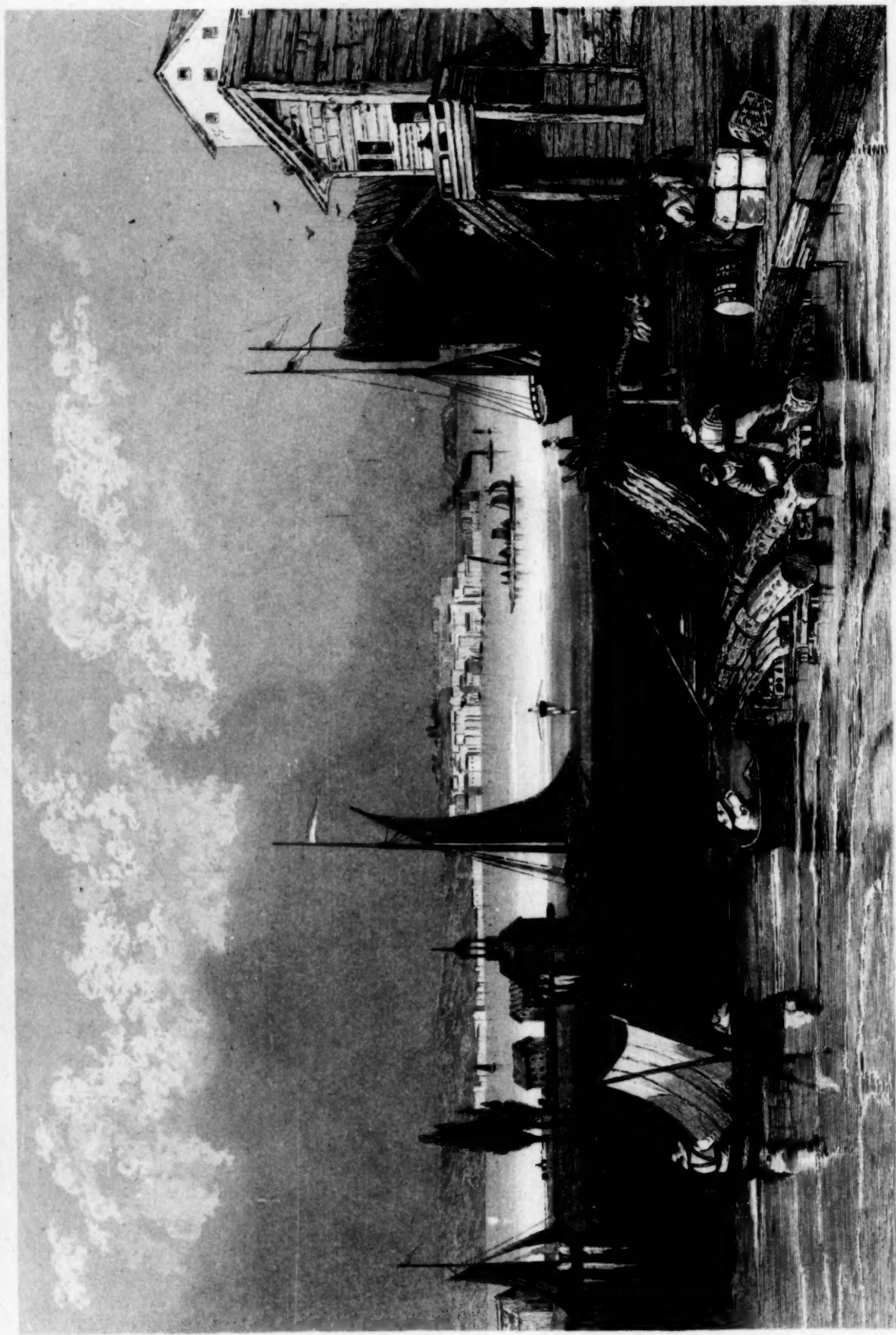
A friend thou art; for thou canst show  
That youth is gilded o'er  
With specious dreams, it ne'er may know,  
On time's deceitful shore;

While Faith, thy sister, points above,  
Not as in youthful dreams,  
To certain bliss, and endless love,  
Fast by immortal streams.









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